

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 465.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

FINE PORTRAIT OF THE KING EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



This was a picture which attracted great attention at the Royal Academy private view yesterday. It is by Mr. Harold Speed, and is one of the best and most dignified portraits of his Majesty that has ever been painted.



## BIRTHS.

CAMPBELL.—On the 27th inst., at 51, Lansdowne-road, Notting Hill, W., the wife of W. D. Campbell, of a daughter.

ZETTEL.—On April 28, at 30, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, W., Theodore and Edythe N. Zettel—a son.

## MARRIAGES.

GREEN-VIDAL.—On April 26, at Christ Church, Turnham Green, Chiswick, W., by the Rev. Percy J. Donovan, M.A., Richard James, younger son of E. T. Elkins Green, of Sunderland, to Madeline, only daughter of Captain John Henry Vidal, B.N. (retired) and granddaughter of the late Hon. Peter A. Esput, of St. Andrews, Jamaica.

## DEATHS.

DICKINSON.—On the 26th inst., at 126, Inverness-terrace, W. Laura, wife of Lieut-Colonel William Dickinson, C.B.I., aged 68. (Corrected notice.)

FOSTER.—On April 27, at 14, St. John's Wood-park, South Hampstead, Lydia Foster, youngest daughter of the late William Foster, Haaxton Mills, near Cambridge, aged 78.

## PERSONAL.

HADN'T seen these: not yet returning sent plainly only.  
CATSEY.—Your letter contains nothing I don't know. Sweetheart, I mean every word I wrote. Do come quick, an' wretched. You must. 84c.  
LOST.—Lady forgot German Prayer-book, bound in black morocco, Saturday morning, the 15th ult., at 9 a.m., in hansom cab, between Clarendon Hotel and Farm-street Church.—Reward to whom will bring same to the Manager, Clarendon Hotel, Brook-street.  
MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms of application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 5, Carnarvon House, Temple, London, E.C.

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## THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otto Stuart.  
EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock. HAMILT. MAT. SAT. Oscar Asche, Lily Bayton, etc. HAMILT. MAT. SAT. AT THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. MAT. EVERY WED. at 2. 2055 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE. SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8.

MONDAY NEXT (6 nights only) JULIUS CÆSAR. SPECIAL MATINEE. Saturday, May 6. HAMILT. MONDAY MAY 8 (for 4 nights only) TWELFTH NIGHT. Box Office (Mr. Waller) 10 to 10-118 MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL.—Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, at 2, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.

ROMEO AND JULIET. MUSIC: GOUNOD'S ROMEO ET JULIETTE. MATINEE, MONDAY, MAY 8, at 2.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ON MONDAY NEXT, May 1, at 8 punctually, will be acted for the first time.

JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

Adapted from the story of Katherine Cecil Thurston by E. Temple Thurston.  
John Leder ..... Mr. GEORGE  
John Chilcote, M.P. for Wark ..... ALEXANDER.  
Bobby Blessington (formerly his secretary) ..... Mr. KING FORDHAM.  
Greening (his present secretary) ..... Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS.

Graham (his butler) ..... Mr. HERBERT BAMSTON.  
Bertha Frick, M.P. .... Mr. HENRY VIBART.  
Lord Bramford ..... Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN.  
Leonard Kaine ..... Mr. ROBERT HORTON.  
Arthur Lacey of the St. George's Gazette ..... Mr. AKERMAN MAY.

Michael Treace ..... Mr. WILFRED SHINE.  
Mrs. John Chilcote ..... Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS.  
Lady Astrup ..... Miss MARION FERRY.  
Lady Sarah Frick ..... Miss BELLA PATENAY.  
Lady Bramford ..... Mrs. KEMMIS.

The "Deeds" by Mr. W. J. THOROLD.  
FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, May 6, at 2.  
Box Office open 10 to 5. —ST. JAMES'S.

THE COLISEUM, Charing Cross.  
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Telephone Nos. 7689 Gerrard for Boxes, £2 2s. and £1 1s. 6d., 4s., 3s., and 2s., and 7699 Gerrard for 1s. and 6d. seats. Children under 12 half-price at all stalls.

THE LYCEUM. HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES.  
TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. Matinee Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Popular Prices. Children Half-price. Managing Director—THOMAS BARRASFORD.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.  
Continuation of the Great Easter Holiday Programme.

GREAT ANIMAL CAMP.  
The most complete village ever brought to England.

AERO CLUB'S BALLOON ASCENT, 2.30 and 6.30.  
CAFE CHANTANT. Company of Star Artists. 4.0 and 6.30.

MILITARY TOURNAMENT. 4.0 and 6.30.  
Picked Men from the British Cavalry.

FOOTBALL, at 3.30: Final The Cheshire Brigade.  
MILITARY BAND and NUMEROUS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLER'S,"  
OXFORD CIRCUS, W. Daily at 3 and 8.

THE FINEST ENTERTAINMENT in the World as given before the KING and QUEEN and the ROYAL FAMILY at Buckingham Palace. Over 500 performers.

GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.  
NEW ACTS and FRESH NOVELTIES.

Popular prices and children half-price to all parts at all performances. Box-office 10 to 12. Tel., 4158 Gerrard.

POLYTHEATRE, REGENT-STREET. DAILY, at 5.  
OUR NAVY AND OUR ARMY.

LAST TWO WEEKS.  
GRAND ATTRACTION FOR EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Calet Corps Field Day at Aldershot.  
ETON, HARROW, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, MARLBOROUGH, CHARTERHOUSE, etc.

Other new scenes of stirring interest.  
Prices 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s. Children half-price.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.  
119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C. } London.  
Branches at Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Sheffield.

Assets, £694,403. Liabilities, £372,231. Surplus, £322,172. 2½ per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as usual. Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann. 6 " 12 " 12 " Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.  
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

## THE BEST BICYCLES

On the Easy Payment System.



Bicycles of inferior construction have been freely sold on the instalment plan, but it is only recently that the convenient system of deferred payments has been applied to the famous

**RUDGE-WHITWORTH**

Britain's Best Bicycle.

A special department has been established at the great Coventry works, where all transactions on the Easy Payment System are handled with strict privacy. Any of the 70 models, ranging in price from **£5 5s. to £15 15s.**, can be had on the 6, 12, or 18 months system, the instalments ranging from 4/3 per month. The machine becomes the absolute property of the purchaser on payment of the first instalment. Through all Dealers or from the Makers.



Full Particulars, with 64-page fully

illustrated Catalogue, post free from

Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd. (Dept. D 15), Coventry.

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69 to 77, JUDD STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON.

Judd Street is close to ALL the King's Cross Railway Stations.  
Business Hours 9 to 8; Saturdays till 6. Thursdays we do NOT close early.

## FURNISH on EASY TERMS.

	WORTH.	PER MONTH.
TERMS.	£10 - - - 6 0	£20 - - - 1 5 0
TOWN	£40 - - - 1 8 0	£100 - - - 2 5 0
or	£200 - - - 4 10 0	£500 - - - 11 5 0
COUNTRY.	Any amount pro rata.	

NO EXTRA CHARGES  
NO ADDED INTEREST  
- CARRIAGE PAID -

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.  
GOODS PACKED AND DELIVERED FREE.  
CARPETS AND LINOS LAID FREE.

1905 GUIDE AND CATALOGUE POST FREE ON MENTIONING THE "DAILY MIRROR."

## NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED

**GENTLEMEN'S SUITS**  
**12/11**  
**To MEASURE**  
**DON'T SAY**  
"It can't be done at the price."  
We can do it because we deal with the raw material in all its stages of preparation until the garment is complete, thus saving and giving you the full benefit of all millenarian's profits.  
**SPRING SUITS - 12/11**  
15/11, 20/11, 24/6, 30/11.  
Send for patterns, fashion, and self-measurement chart to-day; they will be sent by return from the  
**HARRINGTONS, Tailors (Dept. 1), SKIPTON, YORKS.**

## SENSIBLE FURNISHING

There are Two Ways of Furnishing.  
**CASH or CREDIT.**

We do both. When you call on us we show you our stock and tell you our price, which is cheaper than the largest Cash Store. We don't ask whether you wish to pay Cash—you decide this for yourself. If you prefer to pay cash we allow you five per cent. discount. If you prefer credit we send the goods home free WITHOUT DISCOUNT. On 12 months terms for TOWN or COUNTRY.  
£5 worth 6s. month. £10 worth 12s. month.  
£10 - 4s. £20 - 8s. £30 - 12s. £40 - 16s. £50 - 20s. £60 - 24s. £70 - 28s. £80 - 32s. £90 - 36s. £100 - 40s.  
Our Furniture is the best and of the latest design. ALL GOODS DELIVERED IN PLAIN VANS FREE. CREDIT ADVANCED. Coloured Type Catalogue Gratis.  
Any Goods Sent Carriage Paid.  
On Approval Willingly.  
A few doors north of Holborn Town Hall.  
Telephone 1414 Holborn.

**GRESHAM FURNISHING CO.,**  
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**FROU FROU CREPELINE.**  
PER YARD 2" 43" WIDE  
IN ALL COLORS  
WE GIVE YOU THE LINING FREE

**LADIES!** You are sure to want a CrepeLine Dress this season. They are so very fashionable and dressy. We are supplying our Wool "Frou-Frou" CrepeLine in Black and 22 Fashionable Colors, at 2/- per yd., carriage paid. 4½ yds; and we have an endless and charming variety from 1½ to 2½. Charming House Furnishings, Stuffs and Embroidered Goods. PATTERNS and FASHION CATALOGUE FREE.  
HARTLEY & CO., 111, Stanningley Rd., Leeds.

£20,000 STOCK

NOW OFFERED  
IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL

**ALEX. LEFEVER'S GREAT SALE. CASH BARGAINS**

BELOW HALF ORIGINAL COST.

BEDROOM SUITES:—

White enamelled-oak panel ..... £5 18 6  
Walnut and Panel Oak, combination toilet ..... 7 7 0  
Walnut and Satin Walnut, Dressing Chest Suite ..... 8 18 6  
Walnut, heavy painted robe, marble top and back surrounded silvered Mirror Washstand, Landscape Mirror, Toilet Table, very elegant, only ..... 10 17 6

Walnut double door, richly carved, panels, large size robe, marble top, double-backed back Washstand; side wings, Dressing Chest; a handsome suite ..... 12 18 6

Chamber Cupboards, Chairs and Towel Rails provided with each.

VISITORS.—Derive the benefit of a choice selection of Esheraton, Chippendale, and other Suites not catalogued, in addition to an extensive and varied collection of Bed-room Requisites at amazingly low prices.

Sale Catalogue Free Free.

Dining Room, bath-room, and other furniture, iron, brass, and substantial throughout, unsurpassed; 18 articles faithfully represented; call and compare; marvellous value ..... £10 10 0

Luxurious Drawing Rooms, complete ..... 12 15 0

Superior Drawing Rooms, complete ..... 12 15 0

BEDSTEADS and BEDDING, CARPETS and LINOLEUMS.

LEASE EXPIRING. COMPULSORY CLEARANCE, CASH BARGAINS FOR THE MILLION.

Detailed Lists Free Free. Country Orders. SEE LISTS. Carriage Free.

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IN THE KINGDOM.

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**MACKENZIE'S**  
Really Delicious Toffee.  
Free Sample at most Confectioners.  
Insist on MACKENZIE'S. Steam Works, London.  
**CREAM TOFFEE**



## KING EDWARD IN FRANCE.

How His Majesty Will Be  
Honoured by M. Loubet.

## FRENCH ENTHUSIASM.

All Paris Looking Forward to the  
Royal Visit.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—King Edward's friendly and significant intention to pass a few days in Paris on his way back to England has caused much satisfaction, not only in Paris, where his Majesty was always popular, but throughout the whole of France, especially in view of the present disquieting aspect of European politics.

His Majesty is due to arrive in the capital to-morrow evening at a quarter past nine, and after a formal reception by the British Ambassador and a representative of the President of the Republic at the Gare du Lyons, he will drive in the Ambassador's carriage to the Hotel Bristol.

This carriage, which has arrived here, is a magnificent specimen of the British coach-builders' art, and its appearance in the Paris streets, with silver mountings and accommodation for powdered footmen behind, is bound to attract a good deal of attention.

On Sunday morning the King will attend divine service in the Embassy Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, when the Rev. Dr. Noyes, the Embassy chaplain, will officiate.

At the close of the service, it is thought likely that his Majesty will pay a visit to the British Embassy, a few steps away, where he will inspect the lift put in by his orders, and look over the renovated building, famous as the former residence of Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon.

### PRESIDENT'S DINNER.

His Majesty will lunch at the Hotel Bristol, and in the evening will attend a grand dinner given at the Elysee Palace by M. Loubet in his honour.

To this dinner will be invited all the Ambassadors accredited to Paris, and the heads of the Legations whose Sovereigns are related to the British Monarch.

Covers will be laid for seventy or eighty guests, and the gathering is to be merely of a friendly character. Evening dress will be worn, as King Edward will not wear uniform.

It is believed that King Edward will give a luncheon on Monday at the Hotel Bristol, to which the President and Mme. Loubet will be invited.

How long his Majesty will stay in Paris is still uncertain, but it is expected that he will leave for England on Tuesday morning.

### WHERE THE KING WILL STAY.

At the Hotel Bristol the King will occupy the first-floor apartments used by kings and queens who travel incognito as well as those magnates who are the millionaires of the New World.

The apartments are lighted by fourteen large windows looking on the Place Vendôme. The suite comprises twelve rooms, including three salons, three drawing-rooms, two dining-rooms, and seven bedrooms, with dressing and bath rooms.

With the exception of the main drawing-room, which alone is decorated in the English style, all the rooms are in the style of Louis XV. and Louis XIV.

Many princely guests from nearly every country in the world have stayed at this hotel, but it was the Prince of Wales, now King of England, who made the most frequent and prolonged stays there.

### HIS MAJESTY AS "PARISIAN."

M. Morlock, the director of the hotel, is an Englishman, and has been thirty-five years in Paris. He relates how the King, before mounting the throne, used to show such good-natured simplicity during his visits that the personnel of the hotel entirely forgot his princely character in the charming Parisian ways that he readily assumed.

Although the King's visit is incognito, this will not prevent the paying of delicate attentions for which Frenchmen are famous.

Inspired by the attentive Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Loubet takes care to decorate the floors of the apartments with the favourite flowers of his distinguished guests.

For Queen Amelia they supply the superb roses of France, and in view of the arrival of King Edward they have commanded supplies of magnificent pinks, and also bouquets of roses and other flowers which are favourites with Queen Alexandra.

In accordance with French gallantry, the Minister for Foreign Affairs pays special attention to these personal preferences for flowers by particular guests, and visits the hotel each morning to see that the floral ornamentations are tastefully renewed.

MARSEILLES, Friday Evening.—The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with King Edward, Queen Alexandra and Lord Salisbury on board, arrived in port at four o'clock, and the authorities immediately went to greet the royal visitors.—Central News.

## AMATEUR CAR-DRIVERS.

Cashier and Clerks Commandeered  
Through a Strike.

## STONED BY CROWD.

There were exciting scenes at St. Helens yesterday in connection with a strike of over 100 tramway drivers and guards, which began on Thursday morning.

Yesterday only six cars ran, and they were driven by the manager, the cashier, and other clerical members of the office staff.

St. Helens is entirely industrial, and a boycott of the cars running in the colliery districts has been ordered by the Miners' Union.

Consequently in these districts even the officials are afraid to drive cars, as the miners have threatened to wreck the vehicles and throw the drivers and guards into the canal.

One car was stoned yesterday, and a woman threw her clog through the window of another. Several cars have been damaged through being driven by inexperienced men. One collided with a cart, which was smashed.

One of the most amusing features has been the speech of a driver named Casey at a midnight meeting.

"Keep calm, keep cool and collected under fire. If you see a man with a brick in his hand, don't take it away; you don't know but what he is going to build a house with it. If you see a collier with a lump of coal, don't take it away; he might be going to light a fire. Have patience, for patience brought the ducks home, and patience will bring the cars home."

"I shall be down in the morning waiting to see who takes Casey's turn, and, if anyone does, then it will be Casey's turn. I hope those who keep chickens will not bring out any rotten eggs in the morning."

Mr. Casey was sent to the company to ask about the men's pay which was due. "You must go down for it," he announced on his return, "and those of you who have got uniforms are to take them in, if you have got them."

## LIVES LOST IN STRIKE.

Probable Intervention of Troops To Deal with  
Desperate Teamster Strikers.

CHICAGO, Friday.—The teamsters' strike has assumed a most serious aspect, and threatens to be the greatest industrial conflict this strike-ridden city has ever seen.

The employers are determined to force the fighting. Business is badly crippled, and threatens to become paralysed.

Three persons injured in the disorders have succumbed. After today it is believed the troops will be used to enforce order, as there is no hope that the police will be able to handle the situation.

The strikers threaten to extend the strike to every unionist in Chicago.—Laffan.

## PRESENTIMENT OF DISASTER.

Wife's Nervous Fears Unhappily Come True  
on a Motoring Journey.

A strange story of a presentiment was revealed at the inquest held at the Angel Hotel, Thomas Ditton, on Edward Walter Woodward, a young man of Esher, who was knocked down by a motor car driven by Mr. A. E. Lambert, of Richmond.

Various statements showed Woodward had been partly paralysed from birth and subject to epileptic fits. He was a good walker, but sometimes turned giddy.

Mr. Lambert said he was going slowly, as his wife had a presentiment that they would have a fearful accident. She could not sleep all night, and though usually cool-headed was very nervous that day.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death, and exonerated Lambert from blame.

## CAMBRIDGE COUNCILLOR MISSING.

Cambridge is much concerned over the strange disappearance of one of its leading townsmen.

Mr. R. F. Freeman, town councillor, guardian, prominent Conservative, and director of the Star Brewery, left home about a week ago, and cannot be found.

## SURGEON'S SACRIFICE.

Death is announced, from smallpox, at Bamber Bridge, near Preston, of Dr. R. P. Connell, in his thirty-eight years.

Three weeks ago, whilst attending a patient at Bradrick Smallpox Hospital, he contracted the disease in its most malignant form, and was himself conveyed to hospital on Good Friday.

## ARABS TAKE CAPITAL

Alarming Events in the Rising Against  
Sultan in Arabia.

Hard upon the news, supplied by fugitive Jews at Hodeida, that Sanaa, capital of the Yemen, was hard pressed by Arab rebels, comes the startling announcement that this strongly-fortified city has fallen.

After capturing Sanaa on Thursday week the insurgents, says Reuter, proceeded to besiege Menakha, which contains a Turkish garrison 5,000 strong, believed, however, to be partly mutinous. This town is reported surrounded.

A caravan of Egyptian pilgrims, returning to Egypt from Mecca, has been attacked by a numerous band of Arabs near Yambo, and seventeen Egyptian soldiers acting as escort were killed.

Disturbances have broken out among the troops at Medina owing to the men having for four days received nothing but biscuits.

## CHECK TO GERMANY.

Significant British Move To Help the French  
Reforms in Morocco.

The unity with which England and France are working together in Morocco is strikingly emphasised by the journey the British Minister at Tangier is going to make to Fez.

"The unexpected news," says the "Echo de Paris," "has caused a great sensation at Tangier."

"This mission, which was to have taken place in October, will paralyse the effects of the only in October, will paralyse the effects of the German mission, of which the object, certainly, though unavowedly, is to bring about the failure of the negotiations between the French Minister and the Maghzen."

"This new situation will greatly embarrass the Maghzen, and there is every reason to believe that the attitude of Great Britain during the last month will result in the Sultan's accepting a large part of the programme of reforms proposed by the French Minister."

## POPE WELCOMES SPRING.

Sees an Early Butterfly in Vatican Gardens  
and Rejoices.

Seeing an early butterfly in the Vatican gardens on Easter Sunday, the Pope, who had just left a shelter, where he had taken refuge during a shower, exclaimed: "Spring is here. May it bring joy to all! There is the symbol!"

The correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" states that Pius X. spent the day with his sisters, partaking with them of an entirely Venetian dinner.

The Pope has only given one audience during Easter, when Mr. Pierpont Morgan was received.

## ROYAL MONOGRAMS.

Officials Puzzled as to Decorations of New  
Buckingham Palace Gates.

The responsible officials are experiencing great difficulty in deciding what shall be the setting of the royal monograms which will ornament the handsome new gates leading to the forecourt of Buckingham Palace.

"E. R." and "A. R." alternately appear as obverse and reverse. They were originally mounted on oval bronze shields and surrounded by oak and bay wreaths of bronze in exquisite design and workmanship.

First they were declared too heavy-looking, and the shields were removed, leaving nothing to intervene between the two monograms of each set.

Then the whole of the bronze work was gilded, and the verdict was that the general appearance was too gaudy.

Experts have since been in gilding the monograms only, so wreaths only, and the tips of the leaves composing the wreaths, but indications seem to favour the conclusion that the ultimate outcome will be a decision to make the monograms distinctive by gilding and to leave the very fine bronze work in its original condition.

## GENERAL BOOTH IN NEW ZEALAND.

WELLINGTON, Thursday.—Although it was seven in the morning when General Booth arrived here, a large gathering had assembled to greet him.

He was welcomed by the Mayor of Wellington and Mr. Richard Seddon, the Premier, who said that no one had ever come to the Colony who was more generally respected, or whose work had been greater.—Reuter.

## NOT "OUR AMBAN."

From an official statement made by the Foreign Office, it transpires that the Chinese Amban, whose murder in Tibet has been reported, was not the one who conducted the Tibetan negotiations with Sir F. Younghusband.

The murdered Amban was Assistant Resident in Tibet on special duty on the western frontier.

## FAREWELL TO KAMRANH BAY.

Rojestvensky's Fleet for Second  
Time Seeks the Open Sea.

## TOGO LIES IN WAIT.

The Russian Armada is still zig-zagging about the China Sea.

Rojestvensky is reported to have made his second departure from Kamranh Bay on Wednesday, leaving the world to guess at his destination, which is strictly speaking, nobody's business but his own—and possibly Togo's.

If Vladivostok is not his objective some time or other, it is difficult to understand what he is doing there at all. Vladivostok is nearly 4,000 miles from Kamranh.

Hence the unanimity of reports from the Far East, to the effect that Rojestvensky will steer for the Pacific, running the gauntlet through the Formosa Straits, where he may possibly encounter part of Togo's fleet.

A Reuter correspondent who was eye-witness of Rojestvensky's second escape from Kamranh Bay says the fleet made a magnificent spectacle.

Nebogatof's Third Baltic Squadron of eight ships has been sighted by a British merchantman in the Straits of Malacca, on its way to join Rojestvensky.

If war intelligence from Shanghai may be trusted, Togo's fleet is lying near Tushima Island, in the Korean Straits.

This may easily be so. It is only a few days since the Japanese Admiral visited the adjacent port of Masampho.

Nothing is more probable, amid the uncertainties of naval dodging than that Togo should content himself with waiting Rojestvensky's convenience exactly there with the Japanese base at his back.

## 100,000 TROOPS FOR MAY DAY.

PARIS, Friday.—According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, 100,000 troops have been massed there in anticipation of disturbances on May 1.

During the last fifteen days regiments of Cossacks have been mobilised and sent to St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Tsarskoe Selo.—Exchange.

## PLAGUE OF STARLINGS.

Ten Cases of Apples Destroyed by a Flock  
in Half an Hour.

So serious has become the destruction of fruit crops by the descendants of imported British starlings that the Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria is petitioning the Government to take energetic measures for their reduction.

They were introduced for the destruction of insects, and special laws were enacted for their rigid protection. But these laws have entirely changed and they have multiplied in a most alarming fashion. So the regulations for their protection have been repealed.

Ten cases of apples are stated, by Mr. J. P. Bray, of Melbourne, to have been destroyed by a flock in less than half an hour.

## LIFE RISKED FOR FOOTBALL.

Climbing after a football which had lodged on the roof of St. Peter's School, Stoke-on-Trent, a boy named Corden had a terrible fall yesterday.

A long length of zinc guttering to which he was clinging gave way. The boy fell on the concrete paving of the playground, and sustained very serious injuries.

## ARREST OF A BRIDESMAID.

Armed with a warrant, constables broke in on a wedding breakfast party at Murea, Denbighshire, yesterday, and arrested the principal bridesmaid, a pretty girl, named Ellen Jones.

She then admitted stealing jewellery from her mistress when in domestic service at Liscard.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Miss Balfour, the Premier's sister, left London yesterday for the South of France for the benefit of her health.

Pending an appeal, the four members of the Liverpool Cotton Association have not paid the fines of £250 each for breach of rules.

Sold by auction because no longer used by the riggers, whose wages were unpaid, the bell-ropes of Downham Church, near Clitheroe, realised 6s. 4d.

Mrs. Sybil Tunnard, wife of a retired captain, of Arkeley Croft, near Barnet, has been found dead in her bedroom with her throat cut and a table knife by her side.

Four madmen, caught taking up the paving stones near the Pantheon, in Paris, said they were trying to find a spring to furnish the water destined to transform the dome into a fountain.



## AUSTRALIANS' REHEARSAL.

They at Once Start on Serious Practice at Lords.

### TEETOTAL TEAM.

The first practice of the Australian cricketers drew a big crowd to Lord's yesterday, and visitors were rewarded by seeing all the Colonials go through their paces.

Perhaps chief interest was centred in the performance of Cotter, the new fast bowler, who took the ball as soon as Duff put on the pads.

Although not bowling at full pace, the youngster, who has rather a low and crouching delivery, proved that the stories of his swiftness are in no way exaggerated.

Some of the batsmen were obviously out of form, and the newly-elected captain, especially showed a bad example to his men by allowing Duff to hit his wicket three times in the space of a few minutes.

Kelly hit very hard, and Trumper was at the nets long enough to prove himself the same incomparable stylist who discouraged the bowlers of England three years ago.

### Laver in Form.

Cheers, another of the new men, created a favourable impression while at the wickets, and is evidently a valuable accession to the batting strength of the team.

Laver, the manager, took his place at the nets with the rest, and it is obviously his intention to keep in form throughout the season. He may practically be regarded as a fifteenth member of the team.

Both Howell and McLeod bowled assiduously, and showed they could turn the ball while maintaining a good length.

Noble was also bowling, and the performance of the many bowlers further dissipated the impression that the team is weak in this department.

Another point, made by Noble in an interview before he left New Zealand, relates to the fielding of the team.

Noble says it is so accurate and brilliant as to make moderate bowling good.

It is interesting to learn that no less than seven of the Australian players are teetotalers, a fact which probably conduces to the maintenance of the ascetic discipline to which the team conforms.

## CHRYSAETHUM SMOKING.

Pleasant and Harmless, and Credited with an Amazing Cure of Disease.

Chrysaethum petals as a substitute for tobacco strike one as somewhat incongruous. "Pleasant and harmless," says Gorton's medical officer of health, according to the "Lancet."

But a remarkable medicinal effect is now reported. A man who had been a victim for fifteen years to frequent and violent epileptic fits, due to chronic dyspepsia, smoked his first "chrysaethum" pipe on January 1; now he can walk for half an hour without a stick, instead of being afraid to cross a space of three yards with one. Also he can get six nights' rest out of seven, and can go to church.

The perfect recipe is said to be a mixture with cascarrilla bark.

## CHILD OF THE CURFEW.

Interesting Event in Windsor Castle's Gloomiest Old Tower.

In the Curfew Tower of Windsor Castle, Mrs. Wellbelove, wife of the keeper, has just given birth to a daughter.

When the little girl begins to look about her, among the first sights she will see will be the ancient state prison, where prisoners of exalted rank have left their handwritings on the walls.

The old stocks and many instruments of torture are still preserved.

The walls of the little one's abode are 12ft. thick.

On royal birthdays and state occasions she will hear the ancient peal of eight bells, one of which—the tenor—is inscribed with "Serve the Lord with fear."

This is the first birth in the tower for at least 100 years.

### J.P. SEEKS A CHAPERONE.

"A County Magistrate" advertises in a ladies' paper that he "would be glad to correspond with a lady of undoubted social position, whose arrangements would permit her to receive his daughter and take her out during the season."

He offers "liberal terms for corresponding advantages," and promises that replies will be treated as strictly confidential.

## MAIL ROBBERS.

Another Sensational Night Attempt in the North.

What appears to have been another sensational conspiracy to wreck and rob a postal motor-van in the Newcastle district is reported to have taken place yesterday.

About two-thirds of the journey had been made when the driver felt the vehicle strike an obstruction on the road, and simultaneously he saw three men, who shouted "Pull up, driver."

The man, who is named Trotman, remembering the recent attack on the mail at Kenton, put on more power, but feared at first that the vehicle was upset, as it ran for several yards on the wheels on one side only.

It then righted itself with a jerk, which nearly threw Trotman out of his seat.

He kept on, however, and, hurrying ahead, informed the police at Felling, the first village on the route.

He then journeyed swiftly to Newcastle, where it was found that the axle of the front wheels was bent, and the wheels, both front and back, partly buckled.

On the return journey Trotman was accompanied by a police escort, but no signs were seen of the three men or an obstruction.

The police instituted the most searching investigation, but with no result as yet.

Trotman told the *Daily Mirror* that he thinks his van collided with a great block of wood. He was still greatly excited over the mysterious episode.

## INVADERS STORM-BOUND.

Police Garrison of Dursley Island Must Stay There Willy-Nilly.

Nine tents have been erected for the accommodation of the police "garrison" of Dursley Island, off the coast of Co. Cork, where Daniel Healy was evicted on Wednesday.

Thirty men remain to guard the land agents, the Stormcock having left for Bantry with the main body on Wednesday night.

Further evictions are not immediately expected. The weather has become very rough, and it is impossible to effect a landing, so the army of occupation will have to remain perforce until the wind goes down. Huge waves break on the cliffs.

### ADMIRAL SIR A. W. MOORE.



Appointed as second in command of the Channel Fleet.—(Russell.)

## SCHOOL OF OPERA.

Theatre Managers Co-Operate in Founding Academy of Operatic Art.

Colonel George Hinton, manager of the New Waldorf Theatre, and several other leading London managers, are about to found a National School of Operatic Singing, based upon the lines which Madame Darling, the famous Bond-street teacher, has found so successful.

Madame Darling is the pioneer of a system of natural voice production which is not hindered by academic methods, and which can be acquired in a few lessons.

The different departments of the school will include elocution, deportment, drama, and operatic singing.

A limited company with a board of directors will be formed for the management of the school, of which Madame Darling will be the head.

## WOMAN SWEEP SUPERSEDED.

For many years the chimneys of Lambeth Workhouse and Infirmary have been swept, under contract, by a woman. But when she asked for higher pay the guardians decided that in future the chimneys should be swept by selected paupers.

## DULL ACADEMY.

Few Very Fine Pictures and Many Bad Ones.

### PRIVATE VIEW DAY.

"What, what sort of an Academy is it?"

That was the question all the people going into Burlington House yesterday asked the friends they met coming out of the Private View.

And the answer was nearly always "Much the same as usual."

There are a few very fine pictures; an enormous number which are neither good nor bad; not many very bad ones. The general impression left by the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1905 is one of dullness.

The level of excellence in painting is not nearly so high as at the New Gallery. But then there are a few pictures at Burlington House which are far more striking than anything the New Gallery can show.

It is in sculpture that the New Gallery scores. It has the marvellous figure of "Lycidas" which the Academy refused. There it stands in the most prominent place in the beautiful marble hall, the limbs quivering with life, the whole body modelled with perfect mastery.

The sculpture at the Academy includes some good pieces—notably Mr. Derwent Wood's "Cain," Mr. Taubman's "Awakening," and Mr. Arnold Wright's "Sleep."

Beautiful "Lady Warwick."

One cannot help wondering whether this year's Hanging Committee would have admitted Mr. Sargent's magnificent "Lady Warwick" if it had been submitted to them as the work of an outsider. It is so fine that it almost takes one's breath away. There was a crowd in front of it the whole of yesterday afternoon. It made all the other pictures in the Big Room look flat and dead.

The other Sargents are not quite so interesting, though the unnamed woman with a cloak, who looks like Mrs. Brown Potter, has a decided charm.

Of the landscapes which attracted most notice, Mr. Clausen's came easily first. Most landscape painters paint scenes as they think they ought to look. Mr. Clausen paints things as they look to him. He is therefore always interesting, always individual. He feels the beauty of what he is painting, and he makes others feel it too.

Mr. Alfred East's landscapes were also giving great pleasure to Private Viewers. They have that indefinable quality which we call "style."

Mr. Luke Fildes's "State portrait" of the Queen was much discussed. Very few people had anything good to say for it. "It makes her Majesty look like a wax doll," said one loyal subject with indignation. Mr. Harold Speed's "King Edward" was much more favourably noticed. There is a portrait of the Prince of Wales, too, by Mr. Oulless, R.A., but it was pronounced very wooden and mechanical.

## PRINCE'S SALAMANDERS.

"Zoo" Visited by Nearly Three-Quarters of a Million People in One Year.

Many curious details were given at the annual meeting of the Zoological Society of London yesterday.

Included in the cost of provisions for 1904 for feeding some of the animals were 207 horses, costing £249, or about 24s. apiece; 270 goats, 25,196 eggs, and 34,924lb. of fish.

The total number of vertebrate animals in the menagerie is 2,552, the additions in 1904 being 1,804, among the gifts being two spotted salamanders from Prince Louis of Battenburg.

During the year 1,149 animals died, including the gorillas Chloe and Venus.

That the Zoo is growing in popularity is evidenced by an increase of 48,866 in the number of admissions during the year, the total being 706,074, representing £31,538.

## NO RESIGNATION AFTER ALL.

We are informed that the accounts of the incident at the Lyceum Club which have appeared during the last few days have not been quite in accordance with the facts.

The lady in question was not asked by the committee to resign, and did not offer to resign. She is still a member of the club, and intends to remain so.

The incident, as a matter of fact, never came before the committee at all.

## MASSIVE LINK IN CAPE-CAIRO CHAIN.

Railway trucks are already being taken across the wonderful Victoria Falls bridge, which was linked up on April 1 conveying material for the extension of the line northwards towards Cairo. By the middle of June the bridge is expected to be completely finished.

Fifty miles of the railway north of the falls have been constructed with material carried across the gorge by the electric transporter.

## WORRIED PARISIANS.

Sanitary Authority Declares That the Famous Morgue Must Go.

Fancy Paris without its Morgue!

The idea is almost unthinkable. One might just as well think of London without St. Paul's Cathedral, or Brighton without the "front."

Yet Paris is in the gravest danger of being Morgueless. The Morgue has been condemned. "It is too small," Dr. Brouardel, the directing spirit of the Parisian sanitary authorities, has declared in a portentous official report. "It is badly ventilated; it is a danger not only to the health of the thousands of unhappy folk who seek their dead in it, but to the hundreds of thousands of sensation-seekers who visit it every year."

So the Morgue must go, is the doctor's fiat. Other accommodation must be found for the 800 dead men and women who reburial the hapless fate it is to lie in public state on its cold slabs. Another Morgue must be built, or there must be no Morgue. No Morgue! If there is no Morgue will people come to Paris? That is the tremendous problem that Paris is now debating. It has been wildly asserted by Parisians that an abolished Morgue means that all English people will prefer to spend their holidays in Vienna.

The present Morgue, built in 1864, had three predecessors.

But no quarter of Paris wants it for itself. The Morgue half a mile off—excellent. But the Morgue next door is—well, a little uncomfortable.

It is not possible to rebury the hapless fate of the unclaimed dead" on its present site, for the ground on the Ile de la Cité, Seine-bounded on three sides, cannot extend its area.

## SIGN OF THE RED ROSE.

Trap To Catch Alien Charged with Stealing Girl's Savings.

With a red rose in his buttonhole, John von Bobrov, an engineer, of York-road, was recognised outside Holland Park Station, waiting for a servant girl.

He came following his own advertisement in a German paper circulating in London, in which he said he would wear this floral aid to identification.

At Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday he was committed to trial, charged with the theft of £78 in money and jewellery, belonging to Elsie Schenkel, of Compayne-gardens, West Hampstead, who said Bobrov stole her money from a post-office counter.

She had just drawn it out of the bank owing to prisoner having promised to marry her.

Mr. Kennedy remarked that Bobrov was "another of those criminal aliens that we have to keep."

## "SELF-HELP" AND SMILES.

Verger Amuses Meeting by Winning £2 "Rise" for Himself.

If a rise of salary is worth having it is worth asking for.

So thought the verger of Hook, near Surbiton, as he sat in the annual Easter meeting and heard an increase of £5 voted to the church organist.

He remarked to a gentleman that he deserved a rise quite as much as the organist, and was encouraged with the rejoinder: "I know you earn it."

The verger added that he would be satisfied with £2, and glad to get that.

As no one seemed ready to move in the matter, the verger championed his own case. His proposal was seconded, and two hands were raised in favour of the £2 increase.

As no hands were held up against it the verger's salary was raised accordingly.

"Fine example of self-help," said a friend to the practical verger, whose face was wreathed in "smiles."

## EVAN ROBERTS GOES CYCLING.

Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, is making cycling tours in North Wales.

With the lady revivalists he is staying at the Royal Hotel, Cape-Curig, sometimes driving out in a carriage and pair.

The mission in North Wales will not begin for a few weeks.

## SWINDON STREET TRAGEDY.

John Smith, who shot his wife and then himself in Bridge-street, Swindon, died in hospital yesterday morning.

Mrs. Smith's wounds are very serious, but there is a slight chance of her recovery.

## GOOD NEWS FOR SOUTH LONDONERS.

Electric tramcar competition in South London is responsible for welcome reductions of fares on the City and South London Electric Railway, to take effect on Monday. Return tickets will be available for two days, and from Saturday to Monday.



## WOMAN WOUNDS TWO SOLICITORS.

Five Shots Fired in a Crowded  
London Street.

### ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Shortly before noon yesterday the West End of London was convulsed by a sensational shooting outrage in a crowded street.

Just as the shopping district, which includes Bond-street and Oxford-street, was growing busy, a young lady, Miss Florence Doughty, deliberately fired again and again in South Molton-street at Mr. L. C. Swan and his son, solicitors, of South Molton-street.

Five shots in all were fired, but only two took effect, the elder man being wounded in the leg and the younger in the region of the heart. The woman then attempted to poison herself.

The *Daily Mirror* is informed that a few minutes before eleven o'clock, a well-dressed woman turned from Oxford-street into South Molton-street. She walked a little way down on the west side, and then sauntered slowly back.

As she approached the big corner shop of Messrs. Piessie and Lubin, perfumers, Mr. Swan and his son came up slowly from the opposite direction. They were within a yard or two of Miss Doughty, when she suddenly produced a formidable-looking six-chambered revolver, and fired point-blank at the two men.

### Too Amazed To Squeeze Her.

The first shot missed, and it would seem that both Mr. Swan and his son were too amazed to grapple with her.

She fired again. This time the bullet entered the left breast of young Mr. Swan. He staggered and fell to the ground groaning.

The elder man made a movement towards the woman, but before he could reach her she fired again, and he tottered and fell against the plate-glass window.

Then, as the woman stood for a moment dazed and stupefied, Mr. Stewart, the proprietor of an ironmonger's shop close by, rushed up to her, and a constable as well.

Again the revolver rang out, and this time, almost by a miracle, the bullet did no harm, though it passed across Oxford-street thick with traffic at the time—and embedded itself in a jeweller's window.

As Mr. Stewart reached her the woman threw the revolver down, and, raising her hand to her mouth, drank some liquid from a small medicine phial.

The constable caught hold of the woman's arm, and passers-by went to the assistance of the injured man. While cabs were being called Miss Doughty became hysterical. "Oh, let me kiss Mr. Swan," she cried; "let me kiss him."

Within a few minutes father and son were driven off in hansom cabs to the Middlesex Hospital.

### "Oh, I'm Dying, I'm Dying."

Meanwhile, the assailant had become fearfully pale. As she was assisted into the cab to be taken to Marlborough-street she groaned, "Oh, I'm dying, I'm dying." At the police-station it was found that she had taken laudanum, and the divisional surgeon was called in.

Later in the day, when she was charged with attempted murder and suicide, and remanded for a week, she had to be led into court, and looked pale and ill.

The accused woman lodged in Bryanston-street. She was very reticent, and went out in the mornings, as a rule, returning between eight and nine at night.

The *Daily Mirror* learns that for the past year Miss Doughty has been a member of the Ladies' Army and Navy Club. She had many friends there and at the Empress Club.

A few weeks ago she was troubled concerning money she expected to receive.

"What shall I do?" she asked, and was advised to consult a solicitor. From another source it is reported that Mr. Swan and his son had transacted a great deal of business for her. "They were very good friends to her, I understand," said one who knew Miss Doughty well.

Inquiry at the hospital last night elicited that the injured men were progressing favourably.

### ANOTHER ACADEMY "REJECTION."

Police aid was invoked by the Royal Academy authorities to eject George Harris, a porter of many years' service, who, they alleged, was drunk and disorderly.

Yesterday Harris declared on oath that he was not drunk, and was remanded.

Among the bequests of the late Mrs. Eliza Agnes Wood, of Southport, are £2,000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Foreign Missionary Society, and £1,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

## DEAF-MUTE WEDDING.

Four Years of Silent Courtship Ends  
To-day at the Altar.

Thirty deaf and dumb guests will be present at a wedding to-day at the Church of St. John the Divine, Buxton.

Both principals are deaf and dumb, Miss Eleanor Jessie Baines, the bride, in consequence of a bad attack of whooping cough in infancy, Mr. Sidney Scott through scarlet fever.

Mr. Scott is a cricket-ball maker; they are both twenty-four.

Yesterday Miss Baines explained to the *Daily Mirror* by finger language that the proposal was made on the finger-tips nearly four years ago. Their courtship also has perfect been silent.

The Church of England service will be read and conducted by the vicar, and the Rev. Mr. Raper will be present to translate to the bride and bridegroom in mute language.

### VISCOUNT GLERAWLY,



Son of the Earl of Annesley, to celebrate whose coming of age festivities are being held this week at Castletown, Co. Down.—(Lafayette.)

### TRAGEDY OF TEMPER.

Accused Husband Nearly Faints at the  
Inquest on His Dead Wife.

The pathetic "ammonia tragedy," as it has come to be called, was the subject of inquiry at the Southwark Coroner's Court yesterday.

William Herbert Lucas, thirty-seven, an engineer, who is charged with attempted murder, attended in the company of two warders, and almost fainted as he walked from the cab to the court.

When first arrested the accused man's wife was still alive, but had died in hospital since.

Her death is presumed to have been caused, according to the woman's dying deposition, by her husband placing over her face a cloth saturated with ammonia while she was asleep.

The accused has repeatedly stated that he did it in a fit of temper, without thinking ammonia burnt so badly.

The inquest was adjourned.

### UNTIDY JURYMEN.

Coroner Expels Working Man from His Court  
for Not Washing His Face.

For attending Southwark coroner's court in his working clothes, and with his hands and face in need of washing, a juror was yesterday ordered to leave his place among the "good men and true."

The coroner, Dr. F. J. Waldo, rated him soundly for what he called "neither more nor less than insulting a court of justice."

"I have had occasion to complain of this before," said the coroner, "and I have decided to take measures which will put a stop to it."

In bidding the offending juror leave the court, he said he hoped his remarks would prove a sufficient warning to others to attend in a proper state when summoned.

### COUNTESS'S APPEAL.

The Countess of Stair has lodged a note of appeal against Lord Ardwall's decision dismissing her action for divorce against the Earl of Stair on the ground of desertion.

Lord Ardwall found that the Countess had failed to set forth relevantly a case of desertion on the part of her husband.

## HEROIC DOG RESCUE.

Daring Deed by Miners In a  
Poisonous Pit.

### BRAVERY REWARDED.

Two plucky young Welsh miners—Bertie Griffiths and Charles Evans—were the central figures of an interesting ceremony at the Ruabon Police Court yesterday.

There they received well-merited recognition for an act of singular bravery.

Some time ago a man named Gardner, who has since been sentenced to a month's hard labour for cruelty to animals, hurled two dogs down some disused pits near Ruabon in order to escape the payment of the licence.

The pits are 200ft. deep, but the dogs lodged on a ledge about 40ft. from the surface.

Here they were stranded, and for three weeks were without food.

One day Evans and Griffiths happened to pass by, and they heard the piteous howls of the wretched animals, which were dying by inches. At once they secured a chain, and, throwing aside all thought of danger, descended the noisome pit.

The risks they ran can be gathered from the fact that scarcely had they commenced their downward journey than the foul air extinguished their lamps.

Nothing daunted, they made their way down into the gloom, and finally brought the two dogs to the surface.

The animals were a pitiful sight, and ate ravenously the food put before them. But the ordeal had been too much for one of them, and, soon after the meal which should have saved it, it sank and died.

### Lass's Gratitude.

The other, named Lass, recovered, and there was no more delighted spectator of yesterday's presentation proceedings than the rescued animal that frisked about merrily amongst those present, and constantly looked up with grateful affection to its brave rescuers.

It fell to the lot of Mrs. Reese, secretary of the Wrexham district of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to hand several gifts to the plucky young men.

There were silver watches from the Dumb Friends' League, silver matchboxes from Lady Margaret Jenkins, pictures from the National Canine Defence League, and numerous donations from Lord Llangatock and other admirers.

### DANGER OF "HURRYING UP."

Verdict of Manslaughter After a Clean Record  
for Thirty-four Years.

After thirty-four years without an accident, Engine-driver Webster, of the Great Eastern Railway, had a verdict of Manslaughter returned against him at West Ham Coroner's Court yesterday.

The inquiry had reference to the collision at Stratford Market, on April 5, between a goods train and a passenger train, when a fireman named William Secker was killed.

William John Hoy, the guard of the passenger train, said that he gave no signal to the driver to proceed from the platform. He did not have time to look at the signals, and did not see them after the train started.

Mr. Thompson: You have to hurry up?—"If we don't hurry up the Great Eastern would not be noted for its punctuality." (Laughter.)

The Coroner: It is your duty to see the signal clearly before you start the train?—Yes. He thought the guard had seen it and he took his signal.

Continuing, witness said his eyesight was good and it was tested about twelve months ago. Witness was now sixty-seven years of age.

The jury strongly recommended him to mercy on account of his age and good character.

### TRAVELLING "OFF-LICENCE."

An interesting point of the licensing law came before the South-Western magistrate yesterday.

A drayman in the service of the London United Breweries Company, Trundley, admitted that he drove round selling beer at 1s. a gallon.

Learned counsel described the van as a perambulating "off-licence," and a fine of £5, with costs, was imposed.

### MAGISTRATE FOR FIFTY YEARS.

The Middlesex Year-book, just issued by the County Council, shows that Colonel Sir A. Plantagenet F. C. Somerset, K.C.B., D.L., is father of the magisterial bench of Middlesex.

He was appointed in April, 1855, and has therefore been a magistrate for half a century.

Lord Amherst of Hackney comes next, having been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county in May, 1857.

## KING'S NELSON RELICS.

Priceless Souvenirs Lent from Windsor  
Castle to the Centenary Exhibition.

For the Nelson Centenary Exhibition, which opens at the Royal United Service Institution on May 1, the most complete collection of Nelson relics ever shown under one roof has been secured.

It includes, in addition to the Institution's own collection, some valuable relics from Windsor Castle, lent by the King, those from Greenwich Hospital, and many lent by private owners.

Among the great sailor's personal belongings are the bloodstained stockings worn by him when he received his fatal wound, his fighting sword, a "foul weather" cocked hat with a waterproof crown, and a bottle of port, still unbroached, of his private cellar on the Victory.

Of great interest, too, is the Victory's log-book, written up to the eve of his death by Nelson's own hand.

The entry in Nelson's diary on the morning of the battle opens as follows:—

"At daylight saw the enemy's combined fleet. . . . May the great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe generally a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. . . . To Him I resign myself.—Amen, amen, amen."

"My dearest and most beloved of women, Nelson's Emma," begins a letter of his to Lady Hamilton. It is signed, "Ever your most faithful Nelson and Brontë."

The famous gold watch, worth £2,000, which was stolen from Greenwich and found afterwards in an accordion, is likely to attract much notice, as also a flounce of a dress worn on occasions by Lady Hamilton, with the words "Nelson" and "Brontë" in embroidery alternating on the margin.

### SEARCH FOR WIFE.

Extraordinary Circumstances Lead to Assault  
Upon an Infantry Captain.

Captain H. J. Thackeray, of the Highland Light Infantry, stationed at Woolwich, brought a charge of assault at the Greenwich Police Court yesterday against Robert Napier, of 4, Carnaby-street, Regent-street, W., under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

It appeared from statements made in court Napier's wife had once been in Captain Thackeray's service, and Napier said the officer had accused him of breaking up his home.

Mrs. Napier herself lived in the same house as Captain Thackeray after her marriage, and refused to join her husband.

He (the captain), however, had no idea of the whereabouts of the woman, who was fifty-one years of age. Napier refused to accept his assurance, and struck the captain in the face.

Failing to find sureties for good behaviour Napier was removed in custody.

### "GRACE, NOT THE LAW."

Witness's Curious Objection To Taking the  
Oath Before the Coroner.

The father of Frederick John, a Civil Service clerk, of East Finchley, who committed suicide in consequence of overstudy, raised a curious objection when about to give evidence at the inquest yesterday.

On being told to take the oath, he exclaimed: "I am under Grace, not the law."

The Coroner: But you must take the oath. The Father: Well, it is the law, but it does not bind me any more.

He was then sworn.

### THREE MILES CHASE.

Constable Proves Too Much for a Deserter in  
an Exciting Cross-Country Chase.

Police-constable Carter, of Kingston, had an exciting pursuit before he secured Alfred Garratt, a deserter from the Army Ordnance Corps at Woolwich.

Carter knew Garratt was "wanted," and Garratt seemed to be aware of this, for when he saw the constable at Maiden he took to his heels.

Carter gave chase. Along the railway line the two sped, and then across some fields. But Carter had more staying power, and, after a sprint of three miles, Garratt sank down exhausted.

The soldier was sent back to his regiment, and the Bench certified the speedy constable for a special reward for effecting the capture.

### GUNNER'S DOWNFALL.

James Williams, a gunner of H.M.S. *Vindictive*, charged with misappropriating mess money, was found guilty, at a court-martial at Chatham, and ordered to forfeit ten years' seniority and to be dismissed his ship.



## FATAL CURSE OF BEAUTY.

"Caesar" Young and His Wife Decide  
To Go to Europe.

### EVE OF A TRAGEDY.

In the preceding chapters we have told something of the extraordinary life-story of Nan Patterson, the American "Florodora" girl, who is being tried in New York for the murder of "Caesar" Young, a bookmaker.

In 1902 Nan Patterson, while playing in San Francisco, attracted a young Californian rancher. After leading him to she finally refused to marry him, and the unfortunate fellow committed suicide. The following day Nan left for a holiday at Los Angeles, and while on the journey met "Caesar" Young, who invited her to go to the races at Los Angeles with him.

Young was warned by some friends of the girl's reputation, but took no heed. Gradually he fell under the influence of her beauty, and before she returned to San Francisco he was completely in her power.

He took her to New York and established her in magnificently furnished apartments. For a year Young recklessly squandered money over the girl. Then he grew tired of the city, and they returned to Los Angeles. But Nan Patterson's influence over him was waning, and gradually he returned to his old interests. The girl made a supreme effort to regain his devotion, but failed.

Mrs. Young followed them to California, and her husband promised to have nothing more to do with the girl. They returned to New York, and Nan Patterson followed. One night he met Nan again. He agreed to see her sometimes, but would not renew the old relationship.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### Parted in Anger.

But Nan Patterson was not satisfied. She endeavoured by every means in her power to win "Caesar" Young back to her. But beyond receiving her occasionally he would do nothing. Finally a letter was written to Young at the Imperial Hotel by Mrs. Smith, Nan Patterson's sister. This letter was opened by Mrs. Young. In it the writer implored Young to communicate with or see her sister.

"She is frantic," wrote Mrs. Smith, and described how her mother came to New York, lest Nan "in her perturbed condition might do something serious either to you or herself."

Mrs. Young gave the letter to her husband. "Let us go away," she said, "so that you will not be troubled by this girl any more. Take me to Europe."

At length Young agreed, and passages were booked by the Germanic, which was to sail on June 4, 1904.

On the night of June 3, Mr. and Mrs. Young went to dine with Mr. William Luce, Young's brother-in-law.

In the cab husband and wife spoke of the coming trip, and "Caesar" Young expressed his relief at leaving New York.

#### The Wife Went Home Alone.

After dinner Young asked Luce if he would go down town with him. "Don't wait," he told Mrs. Young; "go home now. I have some business things to fix up before we go."

The two men went out together. This was about eleven o'clock. They walked down to Pepper's saloon, and chatted there awhile. Then Young told Luce he wanted to see somebody in another saloon, and they went out.

In Eighth-avenue Nan Patterson passed them. Neither of the men spoke to her, and she did not appear to recognise them. A little lower down the girl stopped on the curb, and "Caesar" Young went back to speak to her. For a few minutes they talked, and then Young walked back to his brother-in-law.

"Meet me at half-past one," said Young, "by Flannery's."

Mr. Luce went home, and at the appointed time went to the meeting-place. There Young introduced Nan Patterson to him.

"Let's get a drink," he suggested, and they went through the saloon into a room at the back. "Will you wait over there for a few minutes?" Young asked Luce. "There's something I want to speak to Nan about."

The two talked for over an hour. At times the girl seemed very agitated, and Luce noticed that she was crying.

"Don't go, don't go," pleaded the girl, and time after time Young replied: "D— you, I am going on that boat."

#### "I Shall Be There, and I'll Find You."

Nan Patterson replied: "I know you are going to-morrow. I know the boat. I'll be there, and I'll find you all right."

"Why, you don't even know the boat," said Young; "I'll bet you a hundred dollars to five cents (£20 to 2s) you don't," and he pulled out a roll of bills.

"Yes, I do," she replied; "and I'll be there and see that you don't go."

(To be continued.)

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Sixty-nine marriages were announced in yesterday's "Times." The cost of advertising them would reach a total of at least £21.

Into a large pit of newly-prepared lime a little Rishon (Lancs) boy named Flately walked out of curiosity. He was terribly burnt and quickly died.

London's water supply last month, according to Sir W. Crookes and Sir J. Dewar, the eminent analysts, attained a degree of purity hitherto unequalled.

Prosperity in the Lancashire cotton trade has induced the guardians of the Haslingden Union to refrain from sending children to Canada, at least for some months to come.

Oldham was in semi-darkness through a leakage of gas, which was fired by the electric cable. The town council was sitting at the time, and the supply of electricity had to be cut off.

Strange affliction is shown for a young fox-cub by a lurcher bitch belonging to a labourer at Banbury. The lurcher found the cub in Broughton Park, took it home, and is rearing it with tender solicitude.

Hull's numerous wholesale fruit merchants ring bells to announce their daily sales. The practice has become a nuisance, and during the prosecution of two traders it was suggested that red flags should be displayed instead.

Among the articles which will be on view at a loan exhibition at Barnstaple next week will be the Reform Cup, presented to the father of the present Earl Fortescue by the County of Devon on the passing of the great Reform Bill in 1832.

Funds are being raised by a committee of the London Irish Literary Society for the erection of a memorial at Dublin to Tom Moore, the famous poet.

"Take District farmers' consider gamekeepers the biggest poachers," says the vicar of St. John's, Borrowdale.

Thoughts of parting with her daughter, who was engaged to be married two years hence, troubled a Grimby woman to such an extent that she committed suicide.

For the first time since July, 1903, the employees at the London and North-Western Railway Company's viaduct wagon works, at Earlestown, have now begun to work full hours.

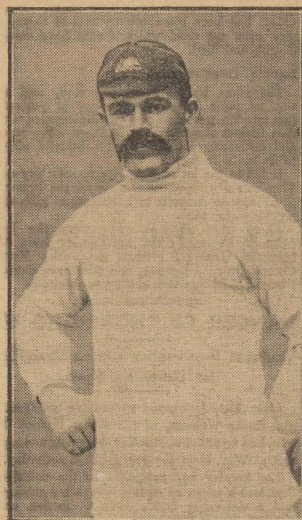
Three doctors worked untriflingly for three hours in an attempt to restore consciousness to Mrs. Sarah Ann Hall, of Preston, who succumbed whilst under chloroform during an operation.

Asked by a member of his congregation why the Athanasian Creed was not now repeated in church, the vicar of St. James's, Derby, said it was because it was so badly translated. They were better without it.

Numbered envelopes, suggested a parishioner at St. Mary's (Beswick) Vestry meeting, should be given churchgoers, in which they could forward their offerings when they went out to tea instead of going to church.

Just as the preacher at the Wesleyan Church, Preston, was entering upon his peroration, the alarm clock in the pulpit rang loudly. Attempts to silence it were ineffectual, and the clock had to be removed before the sermon could be concluded.

## CAPTAIN AND VICE-CAPTAIN OF THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM.



The Australian cricketers have at length decided who shall be their captain. J. Darling, whose portrait appears on the left, has been elected captain and M. A. Noble vice-captain.—(Rheinold Thiele.)



Princess Christian yesterday opened a bazaar at Cardiff in aid of the Band of Hope Union.

New diet is always being advocated by doctors, and the favourite invalid dish at present is said to be tripe boiled in milk.

"Five-minute speeches" are in future to be the rule at the meetings of the Saffron Walden Board of Guardians, unless at least one-third of the members present express their wish that the speaker should continue.

Fine distinctions are made by the War Office. When an officer is appointed to a commission in a rank not higher than subaltern, he is described in the draft gazette announcement as "gentleman," when a rank higher than subaltern, as "esquire."

Three serious accidents occurred within a very short space of time at an agricultural show at Ball's Bridge, Dublin. An Army lieutenant was thrown by his horse, which lay on him; another man was gored by a bull; whilst a third rider was kicked on the head.

So many collisions have resulted owing to the narrowness of the Lake district road between the ferry on Windermere Lake and the village of Hawkshead that the Ulverston Council have agreed to purchase 850 yards of land for widening purposes at this point.

Attention has been called at a meeting of the Manchester justices to the strain which is being placed on the accommodation of Strangeways Gaol. Out of a batch of 180 prisoners committed one day recently forty-five had to be sent to Knutsford Gaol because there was no room.

Gomersal, near Leeds, has just witnessed the celebrations of the 150th anniversary of the Moravian Settlement.

Mr. Carnegie will next month formally present his specimen of the great extinct reptile, diplodocus, to the trustees of the British Museum.

Aberdeen is likely to possess its own zoological garden before long. A scheme by which the animals and birds in Duthie Park may be more suitably housed is now under consideration by the City Fathers.

Harrogate Corporation are spending £125,000 on a scheme which, when completed, will result in the sewage of the town being taken fully seven miles away. The drainage system will then be one of the finest in the country.

It has been practically decided to transfer Cheshunt Congregational College to Cambridge. Sanction of the supporters will be sought at an early meeting. Parliament is also to be applied for to an Act to enable modifications in the trust deed to be made.

Amusement, not to say commotion, was caused at a wedding in the Heywood (Lancs.) district by the impatience of an elderly bridegroom. "Hurry up with the job," said he to the minister; "I've got to catch a train." When asked for the ring, he inquired: "But does it fit?"

When charged at Worthing with drunkenness, Samuel Strand said he had followed from Brighton a man whom he had intended to kill. He had some oxalic acid in his pocket, he said, to accomplish his purpose, and then meant to end his own life. He took the drink to steady his nerves.

## KING EDWARD IN PARIS.

At an Hotel Patronised by Five  
Reigning Houses.

### OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS.

Though far from being the largest hotel in Paris, the Hotel Bristol, at which the King will stay during his visit to the French capital, has probably been patronised by more crowned heads than any other hotel in the world.

As our photograph on page 8 shows the building opposite the Vendôme Column is not of the most imposing type, yet the two lower floors which his Majesty will occupy have been taken for at least five of the leading houses of Europe.

Within the last few years members of the ruling houses of Austria, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and England have taken them, and, as is well known, King Edward himself has for years past been a patron of this hotel during his frequent visits to Paris as the Prince of Wales.

### FROM CHORUS GIRL TO STAR.

To leap from chorus and understudy to a leading part in a new play falls to the lot of very few actors or actresses. But Miss Mabel Green, whose photograph is reproduced on page 11, has suddenly sprung to the top of the ladder instead of painfully toiling up rung after rung. Mr. George Edwardes has selected this seventeen-year-old girl from the chorus to play a star part in "The Little Michus," which will be produced at Daly's Theatre to-night.

"It was a great surprise to me," said Miss Green to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "I have only been on the stage about a year, and was a chorus girl in the 'Cherry Girl' and the 'Cingalee.' Of course I have understudied some small parts, and I intended to ask Mr. George Edwardes to let me understudy this very part. Imagine my surprise and delight when he told me to play it."

"I was seventeen last November, and I have sung a good deal, but do not pretend to be a great dancer."

### HEIRESS MARRIES A CHAUFFEUR.

Photographs of the chief actors in a romance that has excited unusual interest appear on page 8. Miss Baldock's marriage to Mr. Bishop, who had won her affections while acting as chauffeur for her father, a gentleman living in Grosvenor-place, has provided London with a most interesting love-story. The fact that the lady insisted upon marrying the man of her choice in spite of the opposition of her parents, and that police were at hand during the ceremony to prevent, if necessary, any interference, has appealed to the popular imagination.

### DIVED AMONG SHARKS.

Seldom has a more gallant rescue been effected than that of which Steward Pearce, whose photograph is reproduced on page 9, was the hero.

While his ship, the Rimutaka, was steaming from New Zealand to England a woman leaped overboard into the shark-infested seas near Cape Verde. Shouting for a lifebuoy, Pearce dived after her, and, this being thrown to him, he managed to keep her afloat until they were rescued.

### VICAR'S VOLUNTEERS.

London Congregation Perform the Spring  
Cleaning of Their Church.

For the last three or four weeks the vicar and congregation of St. Paul's Church, Brixton, have been busily engaged in spring cleaning.

Funds would not permit of the employment of professional pawlers, whitewashers, and scrubbers, so the vicar, the Rev. A. G. Welchman, decided that the congregation must do the work themselves.

His idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and a labour league promptly formed to organise the work.

The scrubbing is being done by the gentlemen, and lady members take turns in making tea for the volunteer workers.

Stockbrokers and City clerks, merchants and mechanics take turns with the whitewash brushes, and thus merrily the work goes on.

BEGIN OUR  
THRILLING . .  
NEW SERIAL

"Lost in the  
Winning"

TO-DAY.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

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## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1905

## THE SNUB DIRECT.

THE visit of King Edward to Paris, which begins to-day, and which will end his Majesty's short Continental trip, rounds off the most effective snub which Germany has had for a long time past.

Let us briefly recall the facts. Last year Britain signed a treaty with France by which we agreed to recognise France's predominant position in Morocco. That is to say, if it is found necessary for Europe to interfere in Morocco, in order to keep order and protect Europeans, France will have much the same influence in that country as we have in Egypt.

At the time Germany raised no protest. Later she has changed her tune. Both the Kaiser and his Foreign Ministers have talked big about Germany "protecting" Morocco. In fact, Germany seemed bent on trying to re-assume the rôle which she played in Bismarck's time—that of settling all European questions to her own interests by the simple process of setting other nations by the ears.

Fortunately there is no statesman in Germany to-day who can walk in Bismarck's shoes. The shoes are as much too big for the Kaiser's Ministers as they are for the Kaiser himself. They can put them on, but they only succeed in doing an awkward sort of double-shuffle in them, and generally end by being tripped up.

Bismarck was only able to carry out his policy by diligently sowing discord between other nations. Nowadays the other nations are too wary. They realise that it is better to be friends than foes. Thus the answer of France and England to Germany's blatant Morocco trumpet-blast is to link their arms in the most friendly fashion, and to show the would-be disturber of the peace that they are ready for him whenever he chooses to "come on."

## GENEROSITY OR JUSTICE?

"Punch" once said that on the doorstep of Skibo Castle, Mr. Carnegie's Scottish residence, there was a notice, "Ring the second bell on the right, and a library will be handed out."

It seems that this notice will now have to be superseded by "Supply of libraries temporarily suspended." Mr. Carnegie has found a new way of getting rid of his money, and one which is likely to leave even so fabulously wealthy a man with little to spare for other objects.

We use the words "fabulously wealthy" because it really does sound like a fable to hear that Mr. Carnegie has altogether given away twenty-four million pounds sterling.

Most of us must be quite unable to imagine so much money. To the ordinary man even one million seems a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice. Twenty-four millions! It takes one's breath away.

And this is merely the overplus of Mr. Carnegie's earnings—what he does not want himself. It may be what his relatives want, but that does not trouble him. He has announced his steadfast intention of giving away almost all his money before he dies.

If all very rich men devoted their riches to such useful objects there would be less Socialists. All the same, one cannot help feeling that a more even distribution of wealth would be far better than even boundless munificence.

It is very nice of Mr. Carnegie to give teachers £2,000,000 for pensions, but would it not be better to pay the teachers enough to let them save up for their old age, and not be dependent upon anybody's generosity?

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We usually believe in immortality, so far as to avoid preparation for death; and in mortality, so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas a wise man will at least hold himself ready for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable.—*Ruskin*.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

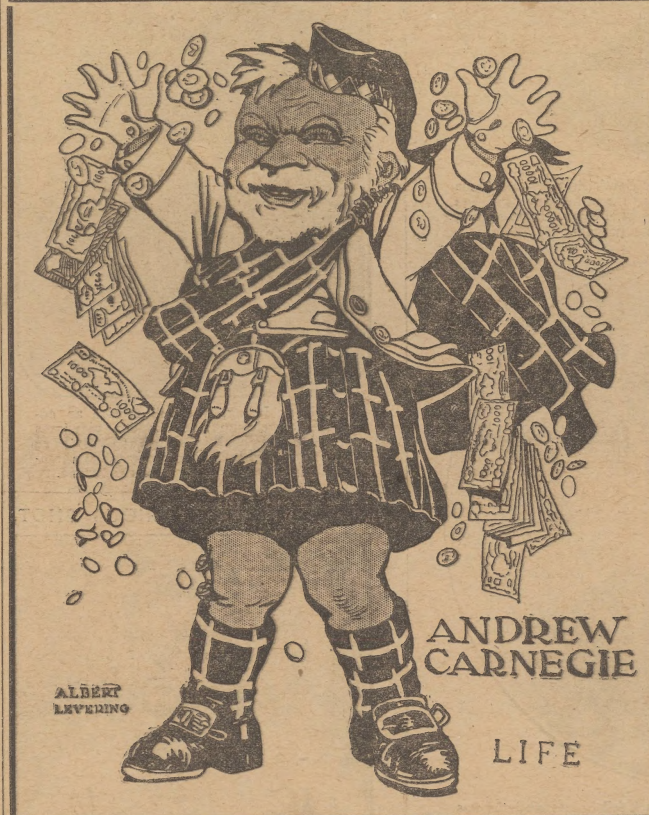
A CRITICISM of the War Office by a Bal-clava veteran is well worth hearing, and Lord Tredegar was amusingly sarcastic at Cardiff on the subject of Army authorities and their business. Lord Tredegar is one of the few survivors of the famous ride "into the Valley of Death." He can still tell you every detail of his experience on the day—how he saw his friends falling on all sides of him, how deafening was the noise of the artillery, how blinding the dust raised by grape and round shot. Finally, he remembers how he seemed to be riding straight on to the muzzle of one of the Russian guns, how he saw the gunner apply the fuse, and how he closed his eyes, expecting that this was the end of him.

But he got out of the struggle somehow, and Sir Briggs, his faithful charger, with him. Sir

The Bishop of Norwich has had a good many funny stories told about him. Perhaps the most authentic is the one which tells how once, on a walk in two senses pastoral, he came upon a pretty cottage, with a garden and a gate in front of it. "Would you open the gate for me?" a voice said from behind it. The kind Bishop did so. But to his astonishment a girl quite big enough to have managed this herself emerged. "And why, my dear, could you not open the gate for yourself?" "Please, sir, because the paint's wet," said the child. And, looking at his hands, the Bishop saw that she spoke the truth.

One wonders if Lady Emly, who is about to enter political life by standing as candidate for an Irish district council, will take the thing up with as much Irish enthusiasm as her husband has done. Lord Emly is a county councillor for Limerick, and his ardour has sometimes caused the liveliest discussions at the council's meetings. At a cer-

## AN AMERICAN VIEW OF MR. CARNEGIE.



Mr. Carnegie's gift of two millions sterling for teachers' pensions in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland lends especial point to this amusing caricature of him which appeared recently in New York "Life."—(By permission of James Henderson and Son, London.)

Briggs was turned out to pasture when his master got back home, and lead a life of leisure for the rest of his days. Lord Tredegar showed his every-thing patriotism only a few years ago. The War Office wrote to him once asking how many horses he could put at his country's disposal in case of an emergency. He replied: "Every horse in my stables." That did not help the War Office much, and they rejoined: "How many may we register?" He told them they might register eighteen, and these were actually requisitioned for the Transvaal.

Dr. Sheerphanks, the Bishop of Norwich, seems to have become quite a revolutionary, and certainly a very disinterested one, since he wishes to reduce the income of the episcopate. In many other matters, however, he is quite at variance with modern ideas. He has a particular dislike, for instance, to the short sermon, and is inclined to think that the sonorous discourses of old, divided into firstly, secondly, one hundred and sixtieth, and so on, were superior to the brief admonitions of to-day. He would have been grieved had he heard the clergyman who gave himself just time to walk twice round the edge of his pulpit before ending his sermon, and descending the stairs again.

tain gathering of labourers he exhorted his audience to "peel off their coats like men," and reminded them that if they were forced to fight the county council, "the labourers had the men, the votes, and the blackthorns."

Naturally enough the council took umbrage at this stimulating advice, and when Lord Emly met his colleagues a few days later one of them informed him that his speech had been quite unwarrantable. To this Lord Emly retorted by pointing out in colloquial terms that "he was not going to be bossed" by the colleague in question. Whereupon, much incensed, the colleague informed Lord Emly that he pitted him from the bottom of his heart, and the noble lord was heard to murmur strange imprecations under his breath. Lord Emly's title is a recent one. His father was Mr. William Monsell, who was Postmaster-General thirty-five years ago, and was raised to the peerage in 1873.

The Private View of the Royal Academy yesterday and the meeting of Parliament on Tuesday are the two events which mark the beginning of the London season, and people are now crowding back to town as fast as they fled from it just before

Easter. Visitors to the Academy were disappointed, by the way, not to see anything by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., one of the most popular artists of the day. Mr. Brangwyn has had an eventful career. He is one of the few artists who know the sea and the ways of seamen well.

He went for a holiday to Sandwich once, and spent the days in sketching and the nights in talking to the ships' captains who frequented the inn there. He made a great friend of one of these men, and the time passed so pleasantly with him that soon all the money Mr. Brangwyn had taken for his holiday vanished. The captain asserted that the man should sail round the coast with him, and he consented at once. The sail was so delightful to him that he has frequently left all and wandered over the seas with his friend since then.

Mr. Brangwyn, by the way, was for several years in the workshops of William Morris, and learned from him how to make all things beautiful. He was there when the late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, called one day to see the great man himself. Now, Morris always flatly refused to see anyone who called. But the Bishop insisted, and waited at the top of the stairs which lead to the basement where Morris worked. The messenger went down again. In a moment Morris, not knowing that Dr. Creighton was at the top of the stairs, rushed up shouting indignantly: "Hi! where the Blank is this-Blanked bishop?"

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## Sir Henry Irving.

TO-DAY the greatest living actor commences his season with a revival of "Becket" at the Drury Lane Theatre, and does so with the good wishes of the world. Now, after a stage career of almost fifty years he has earned such a position that his stage appearances are noted with interest by everyone. But that long-ago first appearance was a very different one. On that occasion he had to start with the auspicious remark, "Here's to our enterprise!" But, though the toast was auspicious enough, the debut was not. The budding actor was so nervous that he forgot his part, and eventually, in spite of the attentions of the prompter, whose voice could be heard all over the house, he left the stage amid a storm of hisses. His first newspaper notice was advice not to attempt a stage career.

But Irving was not the man to be daunted in the career he had chosen. He stayed on at Sunderland, where this unpromising start was made, for another five months, gradually gaining confidence. After that his career may be said to have fairly begun. But it was several years before he won recognition, for he laboured under enormous disadvantages. An actor with such pronounced mannerisms was bound to meet opposition. His thin, refined face of almost deathly pallor, his strangely-halting walk, the long arms waving before him were unmercifully glibed at, but his genius was in the end, and his long and continuous triumph began. And that triumph was wonderfully complete, completer than the present generation can fully understand. He was the first actor to receive recognition from his Sovereign and be knighted, and he it was who raised his profession to its present position.

And those days of prosperity were not turned only to his own advantage. Ever one of the most generous of men, he gave away his money as rapidly as he earned it. That he is still a comparatively poor man is not surprising, when one remembers that he has distributed £30,000 in charity. But, though one of the most kind-hearted and most lovable of men, he is not always one of the easiest of men to get on with at times, and while he is acting. He mutters condemnation, stage directions, and praise the whole time. Sometimes from the stage-box his "Come nearer," "No, not so close," "Louder, louder," can be distinctly heard, and one actress at least has been reduced to tears by his asides to her.

Many of the stories he tells himself refer to "Hamlet," for the play seems to have entered into his life to an extraordinary degree. It was into this first stage play he ever saw. Phelps was the Moody Dane, and shortly after, when persuaded to listen to a recitation by young Irving, gave him the advice: "Young man, have nothing to do with the stage, it is a bad profession." His next experience of "Hamlet" was soon after he had experienced Phelps's advice. He played the King, and so poorly was the play mounted that he drank Hamlet's health in the last act out of an empty marmalade jar, and a dirty turnip served as a skull in the graveyard scene.

But that was not a very serious matter to him. Sir Henry has never been so eager to elaborate on stage mounting. The first production of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum—once more a fateful play for him—was staged, with the exception of one scene, from the ordinary theatre stock, and cost less than £200 all told. It is as Hamlet that both Sir Henry and his son, Mr. H. B. Irving, have made their greatest triumph, and it is as Hamlet that his name will live longest.

## IN MY GARDEN.

This feature appears to-day on page 11.





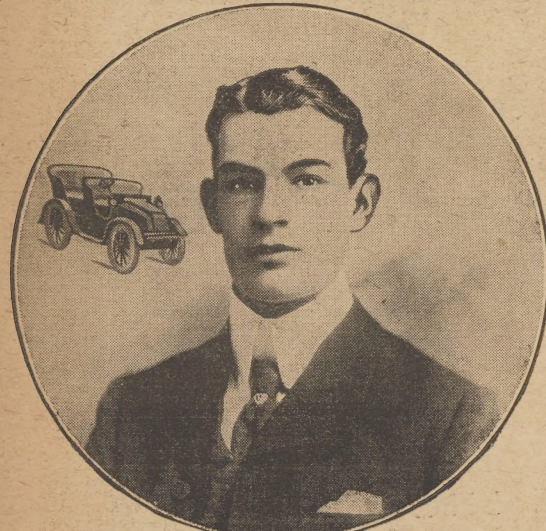
# MIRROR CAMERAGRAPHS



## HEIRESS MARRIED TO A CHAUFFEUR.

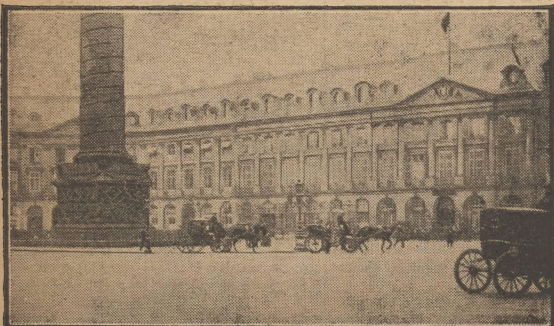


This lady, now Mrs. Bishop, was formerly Miss Sarah Frances Constance Lilian Baldock. Possessed of a considerable fortune in her own right, she was married to her father's former chauffeur at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, in spite of the opposition of her parents.



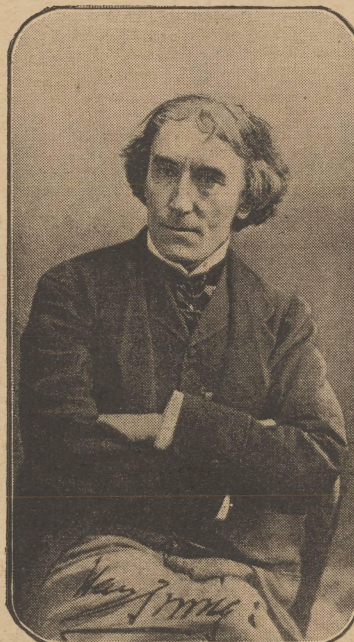
Mr. Cyril Duvall Bishop, with whom Miss Baldock fell in love while he was acting as her father's chauffeur twelve months ago. Upon her parents hearing of it the chauffeur was immediately dismissed and the young lady sent abroad, but love triumphed, and they were married and are now spending their honeymoon at Bournemouth.

## WHERE KING EDWARD WILL STAY IN PARIS.



The Hotel Bristol, where King Edward will stay during his visit to Paris. The greater part of the hotel has been reserved for his Majesty.

## SIR HENRY IRVING'S RETURN TO LONDON—"BEC"



Sir Henry Irving, who will receive an enthusiastic welcome from London playgoers when he opens his brief season at Drury Lane Theatre to-night. This recently-taken photograph bears the great actor's signature.



Becket, the character in which Sir Henry Irving was first produced at the Lyceum twelve years ago, a turbulent priest was then rec

## VICTIM OF MYSTERIOUS SHOT.



George Gilson, master of the fishing vessel Matilda, who was shot in the right thigh while shrimping off Sheerness. It is believed that the bullet came from Burton's Point Fort, where rifle practice at floating targets was being carried on, but it must have ricocheted some hundred yards to strike the fisherman.

## AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS' FI



For the first time since their arrival in England the day morning. A large number of people gat

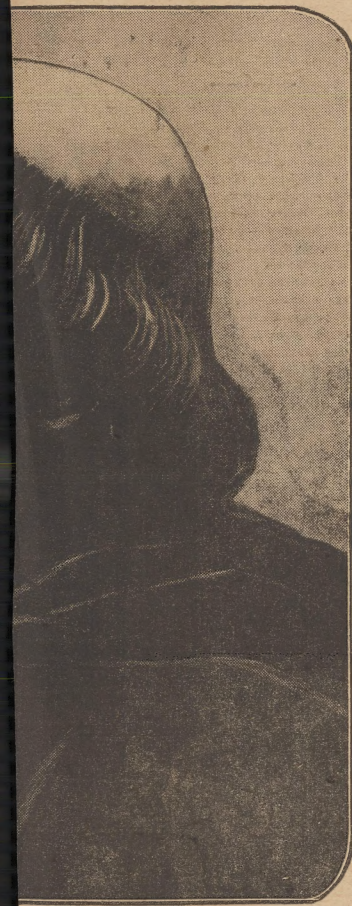
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF T



# NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS



ET" AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE TO-NIGHT.



appear to-night. The late Lord Tennyson's play  
Sir Henry Irving's playing of the part of the  
and with great enthusiasm.

T PRACTICE IN ENGLAND.



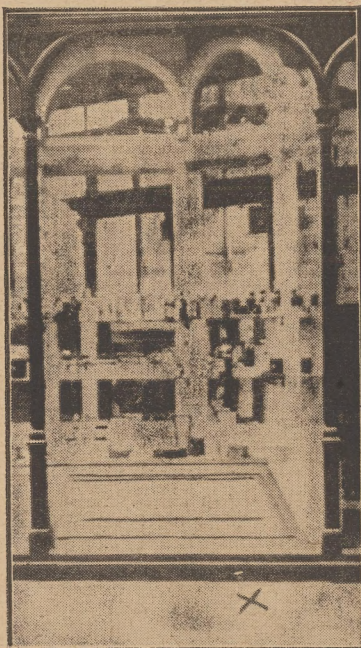
trallan cricketers were seen at the nets yester-  
to watch them at Lord's Cricket Ground.

PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 8.



Miss Maud Fealy, the American actress who  
will play Rosamund, the part originally  
played by Miss Ellen Terry, at the Drury  
Lane Theatre to-night.

BOND STREET SHOOTING AFFRAY.



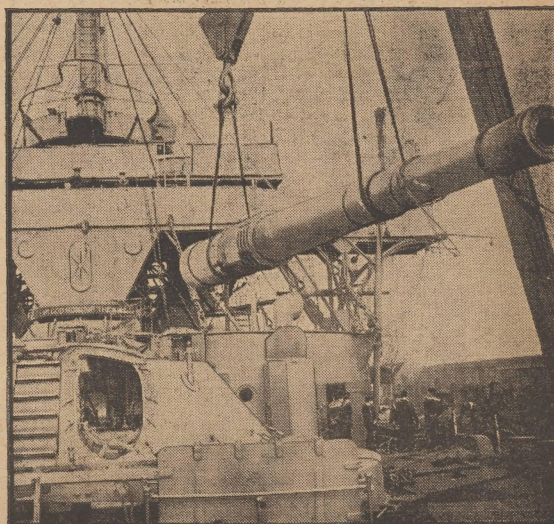
Above the cross is seen the hole made in the  
window-frame of Messrs. Piesse and Lubin's  
perfumery shop at the corner of New Bond-  
street and South Molton-street by one of the  
bullets fired by a lady at two solicitors yester-  
day. Both were wounded, and the lady was  
arrested and charged at Marlborough-street.

DIVED INTO SHARK INFESTED WATERS.



Daniel Pearce, one of the stewards of the steamer Rimutaka, who dived  
into the shark-infested waters near Cape Verde to rescue a woman who had  
leaped overboard. The vessel was steaming at full speed, and when Pearce  
and the woman he was keeping afloat were picked up the steward fainted.

H.M.S. MAJESTIC'S WIRE GUNS A FAILURE?



Hoisting a twelve-inch wire gun, of the type of those admitted by the Ad-  
miralty to have developed defects, from H.M.S. Majestic. The battleship's  
guns are being removed to be tested at Woolwich.



# LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN,  
Author of "The Shadow of Her Sin," and  
"A Coward's Marriage."

"I suppose lots of men have fallen in love with

For suddenly her heart had leapt in her breast and told her that she too loved. That she loved

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

We hold this over to-day in order to give as full an instalment as possible of our new and interesting serial. It will appear as usual next week.



## PICTURES OF 1905.

## "Daily Mirror" Guide to the Royal Academy, Which Opens on Monday.

On another page will be found a general view of the Royal Academy exhibition formed by our critic at the Private View yesterday. Here we shall take the rooms at Burlington House one by one, and pick out the pictures which are best worth looking at.

## ROOM I.

Here we have the inevitable picture of sheep, by Mr. Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., and of boys bathing, by Mr. Luke, A.R.A. We will take Virgil's advice to Dante in the Purgatorio—we will "look and pass on."

Mr. Byam Shaw's picture of Christ as "the greatest of all heroes" (in Carlyle's phrase) is deservedly skied. It represents the Saviour, a purely conventional figure, with a number of warriors and poets and statesmen grouped in the foreground. It is unimaginative and weak. Mr. Clausen's "Morning in June" is a perfect joy to look at. Mr. Arnesby Brown's "Sundown" must not be missed.

## ROOM II.

There are two pictures here which have just the quality of imagination which is lacking in Mr. Byam Shaw's work. One is Mr. Waterhouse, R.A.'s "Lamia"; the other, Mr. W. D. Adams's "Enchanted Knight." Both are full of charm and feeling.

Mr. Harold Speed's portrait of King Edward (101), painted for Belfast, is a very dignified and competent performance. The deep blue of his Majesty's velvet cloak is skilfully contrasted with the purple curtain at the back. Mr. Alfred East's Thames Valley picture (108) is deliciously atmospheric. Mr. East always manages to paint the kind of place that makes one want to be there.

## ROOM III.

The place of honour is rightly given to Mr. Sargent's great portrait of Lady Warwick and her little boy (108). This is certainly one of the finest pictures Mr. Sargent has painted. It reminds one of Gainsborough, and it might be placed alongside any picture of Gainsborough's without fear of suffering by comparison.

The nobility of the pose, the marvellous painting of the white satin coat, skilfully showing its blue lining here and there, the grandeur of the figure, the exquisite painting of the hand, and the pretty attitude and expression of the child—these and other qualities of technical perfection make it a picture to which it is no flattery to apply the epithet "great."

"Her Majesty Queen Alexandra" (140), by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., suffers lamentably by contrast. It is a very self-satisfied performance. One can imagine Mr. Fildes rubbing his hands and thinking how good it is. We are afraid that no judges of painting would echo Mr. Fildes's verdict on his own work.

Nor will Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "Finding of Moses" (212) arouse any enthusiasm. It is very clean and pretty, but it does not make one want to stand and look at it. Of Mr. Sigismund Goetze's religious picture (213) one can only say that it makes one want to go away from it as fast as possible. Mr. Goetze had a kind of success with his "Despised and Rejected of Men" last year, but it is difficult to do that sort of thing twice running.

"Selling Oranges in Liguria" (226), by Mr. La Thangue, A.R.A., is a delicious, sunny colour. Stand and look at it a long time. It will do you good.

## ROOM IV.

Mr. Sargent's "Marlborough Family" (256) is not quite a success. All the faces are weak, the Duke's especially, and the Duchess's mouth is so pursed up that it looks quite unnatural.

Mr. G. W. Lambert's picture of a boy on horseback (254) has an individual touch. After Mr. Sargent's picture it is the most interesting thing in the room. The rest are not up to much.

## ROOM V.

Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., has two pretty portraits here (298 and 312), painted in that decorative style which has now become customary with him. The colour is good, but just a little grey-looking. Mr. Austen Brown's "Riverside Pasture" (343) ought to be on the line. Notice "Blue Fatale" (335), by Mary V. Hunter, and a picture of "Puritans wandering along by a river" (Frank Craine), which is close by. They are both decorative and pleasant to the eye.

## ROOM VI.

Mr. Sargent has here a picture (376) of a fascinating, unnamed woman, very like Mrs. Brown-Peter. She holds a large Spanish-looking cloak, only leaving part of her face to be seen. It is interesting, if not thrilling.

A picture in this room that is sure to be much talked about is "The Cheat" (387), by the Hon. John Collier. One woman has found out another woman cheating at bridge, and stands up with a delicately contemptuous expression accusing her. Two men, who are also playing, sit by looking on quite unconcerned. They are evidently accustomed to this sort of thing. Their expressions seem to say, "Why make such a fuss about a trifle?" There is no particular merit in the painting of the

picture, but Mr. Collier knows quite well that a topical subject of this kind always attracts attention.

"Comrades" (388), by Flora M. Reid, and "Consolation" (393), by Florence Small, are worth looking at. You cannot help looking at Mr. Herkimer's huge picture of a "Bavarian Town Council" (358), because it takes up nearly the whole of the side of a room; but it is quite unexciting.

## ROOM VII.

Yet another Sargent. His "Lady Helen Vincent" (460) is much quieter than the "Lady Warwick." It is just pretty: of course, very skilfully painted.

The only other picture of much interest in this room is 466, "The Kite," by Charles Sims. It is a study of white sunlight on white sand. On the white sand sits a graceful woman in a white dress, daintily relieved by pink at the waist, matching pink in her hat. To the right, a small boy in white pulls manfully at a large white kite. It is a picture that creates a very pleasant effect.

## ROOM VIII.

One cannot help feeling sad as one catches sight through the archway of the late Mr. Charles Furse's masterly handling of a group of children on horseback (515). It would look better away from other pictures, but even as it is, surrounded by discordant canvases, it can be recognised at once as the work of a man of a rare and distinguished talent.

Mr. Clausen has another very attractive landscape here (532), some ploughmen eating their breakfast on a fine November morning while their quiet horses stand patiently by.

In this room there are some peculiarly painful examples of the presentation portrait. Why the Academy should continue to force these horrors upon the public we cannot understand. They ought,

## FROM CHORUS GIRL TO STAR.



Miss Mabel Green, the seventeen-year-old chorus girl, who has been promoted to take one of the leading parts in "The Little Mischief," produced at Daly's Theatre to-night.—See page 6.—(Ellis and Watery.)

at any rate, to put them in the gallery next to the refreshment room, so that people might find first aid handy after receiving a succession of such unpleasant shocks.

## ROOM IX.

The best things among the small pictures which fill this room are Mr. La Thangue's study of two figures working a cider-press in the open air, with the sunlight streaming around them (680); Mr. Adrian Stokes's interesting contrast between the red branches of the winter willow and the blue mountain distances, capped with snow, of the Southern Tyrol (662); and a pretty little portrait called "The White Fan," by Mr. Thomas Cowper (668).

## ROOM X.

Nothing much here but another delightful landscape by Mr. East (741).

## ROOM XI.

Mr. George Henry's interesting portrait of a reddish-haired woman in a brown-grey dress (787) is not quite so good as his big picture at the New Gallery, but it has distinction, the quality which makes you stop and look at it. He calls it "The Chinese Kilim" after the curious beast in porcelain which the woman is holding. It certainly looks the kind of animal which would "kill" if it ever "got in." Mr. Frank Daniell's portrait of a girl in black (789), with magenta bows all down her bodice, is also distinguished, and perhaps a little daring. But it comes off.

Mr. Richard Jack's pretty little girl (846), who "does believe in fairies," is very dainty and charming. Mr. Margesson has an uninspired picture painted as an oval. Once he painted a girl in a round frame picking up a pearl on the seashore. It had a good deal of success, and he evidently thinks the recipe for success is to go on painting pictures in round or oval frames. We are afraid, as Matthew Arnold used to say, that "this is not quite so."

Of the other rooms containing thousands of water-colours, miniatures, etchings, engravings, drawings, and architectural designs, we may possibly speak later—or we may possibly not.

## WORLD'S OLDEST GAME.

## The Season for Polo, Played Over 2,500 Years Ago, Opens To-day.

To-day sees the opening of the polo season, and a very successful one it promises to be, for every year the interest in the game is becoming more general and more keen.

Although it was only introduced into England some thirty-three years ago, polo is probably the most ancient game known, for it is on record that as far back as 600 B.C. it was a favourite pastime of the kings of Persia. In the early sixties Englishmen in India learnt the game from the Manipuris and other hill tribes, and the 10th Hussars had the honour of pioneering it at home.

Polo, which was at first called "hockey on horseback," is in its tactics not unlike Association football.

There are four players a side, who ride ponies not exceeding 14 hands 2 inches in height. Modern horse-breeding science has improved these ponies till they are now practically hunters in miniature. Each player uses a stick made of cane, with a three-foot head of hawthorn root or other similar wood; while the ball, which has to be driven between the adversaries' goalposts, is made of willow, and is about the size of a croquet ball, but much lighter.

The players have each their particular duties. The No. 1, or "flying man," has to hustle and mark the opposing back, and so clear the way for his No. 2, who is mainly the goal-hitter; No. 3 is the half-back, and behind him is the back. A full-sized polo ground is 300 yards long by 100 yards wide, both sides being boarded to a height of seven inches.

As regards the cost of polo, it is by no means a poor man's game, though, on the other hand, there are many exaggerated notions of its extreme expense.

## WHAT POLO COSTS.

As a matter of fact, a pony may cost anything between, say, £50 and £250, but many a good pony is bought by the man who knows how and where to look and trains his own animals for a much lower price, while some players even make money by re-selling their ponies after they have used them for a season.

A player's stud of ponies may range from two to half a dozen or more. There are plenty of men in the country who get excellent sport with a couple of low-priced ponies and get harness work out of them as well. But, of course, a much larger purse is required to play in London at the big clubs at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. One great advantage the polo offers to a busy man or to a soldier is that he can get plenty of exercise in a minimum of time, a match only taking a little over an hour. Again, a middle-aged man can hold his own at polo with his juniors; indeed, most of the best players are over thirty.

Thanks to the Hurlingham Polo Committee, which makes the rules, serious accidents are very rare, although to the spectator who watches the game for the first time they frequently appear inevitable. But it must be remembered that the ponies are well trained, and that many of them are quite as keen about the game as their masters, while some are certainly more skilful.

The writer well remembers one game in particular. A young man who had recently come in for a lot of money was making one of his first appearances. At a lavish expenditure he had bought a whole stud of splendid ponies from well-known players, though he was not only ignorant of the game, but also a very inferior horseman. The times he rode did their best for him, and it was quite exasperating to the onlookers who knew the game to see their best efforts frustrated by the man who was supposed to be their master and guide. It is due to that beginner, however, to add that he has since become a very fair player.

From to-day, until the end of July, when society disperses, all the London polo fields will be busy, and, after that, there will be the usual succession of tournaments in the provinces and Ireland, winding up at Rugby, the leading country club, in October.

## IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 28.—May is close at hand. The garden grows more fascinating every day. Wise gardeners will have been very busy during this month, and although some work still really has to be done, everything ought to look tidy and healthy now.

Many amateurs are puzzled as to what to do with daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips after they have done flowering and when the beds, now filled with flowers, are required for other flowers.

Daffodils should be carefully lifted (with all their roots), and planted in an odd corner to ripen. In July, when their foliage is dead, they may be lifted and stored in a dry place until planting-time comes round again.

The same process can be gone through with tulips and hyacinths, but, if fine blooms are desired next year, new bulbs of these flowers should be procured.

Hollyhocks may still be planted. In groups of three or four they look very fine if placed at the back of a broad bed. The double varieties are especially lovely.

E. F. T.

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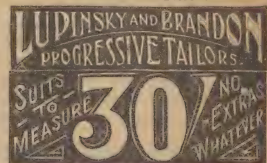
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Spring Blouses and Skirts to  
Delight the Feminine Heart  
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Messrs. Garrould's shop, 159, Edgware-road, W., is always bright and pretty in appearance, and shows precisely the alertness of the minds of its



The "Rosilyn" Blouse.

proprietors, who are ever anxious to give their customers the utmost benefit of price in every direction. Each department is now well equipped with smart spring goods, and I may add with sum-

mer ones as well, for June trips closely upon the heels of May, and makes a future renovation of the wardrobe a necessity.

Every woman wants a blouse, and certainly she who is not pleased with the Rosilyn will be terribly hard to satisfy. It is a lovely model, made of English washing silk, very prettily tucked and



A wonderfully cheap skirt, the "Prescott," which is made in all the fashionable materials.

trimmed with fancy stitching, and what is so marvellous about it is that it costs only 6s. 11d. (by post 4d. extra), though it is quite worth 10s. 6d. It is to be obtained in the following new shades of colour—vieux rose, sky blue, turquoise, brown, reseda, navy, grey, crimson, heliotrope, white, cream, and black; and not only is it made for the woman of an average size, but she whose measurements are rather larger than those of the ordinary woman will find that her requirement will be met.

merveilleux or chiffon taffetas it may be obtained for 31s. 6d. It is made in all the smartest and newest colours, including pearl grey, royal blue, champagne, mauve, Parma violet, reseda, navy blue, cream, and black, and certainly will be found a most valuable possession. Each skirt is well finished and lined throughout, and made to customers' own measurements without extra charge, with exception of a specially large size, and will be sent by post for sixpence extra. Patterns should

be sent for, for they will be willingly forwarded post free, and this applies not only to the skirt fabrics, but to the new spring muslins, delaines, prints, and other fabrics.

There is no doubt about the fact that the feather boa is going to hold its own throughout the summer as a wrap par excellence for smartness, comfort, and becoming qualities. Those that Messrs. Garrould are selling are made of real ostrich feathers



The feather boa, the smartest wrap for summer.

in the following colours—black and white, grey and white, natural and white, and also in plain black and white. As for their price, it is absolutely amazing. Coin of the realm amounting only to 9s. 11d. is the cost, though the boas are 56in. long, and are well worth 14s. 6d. They will be sent by post for fourpence extra.

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# A Moment's Thought



will show you how important it is that you should always be in good health. You cannot work properly when you are ailing. You cannot enjoy living when you are out-of-sorts. You cannot sleep properly when you are unwell. In fact, life is not what it should be, if your health and general condition is poor.

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

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# "DAILY MAIL."



## RESULT OF LAST WEEK'S COMPETITION FOR THE LITTLE ONES, AND NEW PRIZES.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## PRIZE AWARDS FOR LAST WEEK'S COMPETITION.

"I have some very clever little artists among my competitors," said our artist to me yesterday, and I heartily agreed with him when I saw several of the beautifully, fluffy little yellow chickens emerging from their Easter eggs that had been sent in to us.

"The winner of the prize of 5s. is H. J. Proctor, 123, Victoria-road, Kilburn, N.W., who also coloured the three eggs below the chickens very prettily. Highly commended are the drawings of Maurice Hinxman, 1, Newburgh-street, Winchester; Dorothy Smith, Holly Lodge, Shoreham, Sussex; Harold A. Heaps, 17, Littledale-road, Seacombe, Cheshire; Gwen White, 40, Cecil-road, Muswell Hill; F. Croome, 68, Blackhorse-lane, Walthamstow; Olivia Burges, The Ridge, Chipping Sudbury, and A. Watts, Melrose, Mill Hill, Coves, Isle of Wight.

## THE POSTCARD PRIZE.

I award the prize of 2s. 6d. for the best postcard story to Ivy F. Pallett, 12, Sydenham-road, Croydon, for "The New World," which narrates the experiences of a very silly little new chick, from which we learn how wrong it is of any of us to be ashamed of our homes, for "home is home, be it ever so homely," and a palace is no better than a cottage in this particular. Ivy's postcard appears below:

## THE NEW WORLD.

When Master Chick was hatched he was delighted with his handsome suit of yellow fluff, and his pretty, polished beak and neat yellow leggings, and when he looked at the empty shell, it seemed almost impossible to him that so much finery could ever have been hidden in such a poor little house. "I must not let anyone know that I ever lived there," he said to himself, "or they won't think anything of me." Just then Mrs. Duck came across the yard—Master Chick's mother had gone down to the market, so that Master Chick had to receive the visitor. "So you're out, eh?" she said, "and how do you like it?" "Oh, I like it very well, thank you," said the chick, "there's a fine view, of course, but I assure you it was hard to leave my beautiful home even for this sunshine." "Your beautiful home!" said Mrs. Duck. "What—the coop?" "No, no, my large, lovely home, like a King's palace, hung with satin and gold." "I don't know where the chick got such ideas. It's not that I have heard his mother talking through the shell, before he was hatched," Mrs. Duck laughed. "You silly little innocent," she said. "Don't you see there's a piece of your shell on that fluffy little back of yours." "I beg your pardon," said Master Chick, with dignity, "I have been to call on a humble friend, and must have brought away a piece of his house, without perceiving it." "Tell that to the guinea-pigs," said Mrs. Duck, contemptuously. "They will believe anything."—(Taken from) "Isn't It Funny."

Ivy's sister Daisy sends me a curious story from Rhodesia, which I also print below:

## THE SNAKE AND THE EGGS.

A gentleman living in Rhodesia tells in one of the newspapers a wonderful story of some eggs that were hatched after having been swallowed by a large snake. The reptile—a fine specimen of the banded cobra—somehow got into a hen-house, where an old hen was sitting on a number of eggs. The hen, with much cackling and bustle, flew off in terror, and the snake proceeded to devour the whole of the eggs. The owner of the hen-house, hearing the bird's cries, came up and shot the reptile as it was resting after its meal, and when the creature was cut open immediately after it was found that nine of the eggs, having been swallowed whole, still remained unbroken. They were taken out, rinsed with warm water, and put back in the nest. The hen at once began to sit again, as though nothing had happened, and in a short time the eggs were hatched, the chickens

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

He hesitated—then was silent for a second. "I am called away," he said slowly. "I go to another's bidding."

"The bidding of one stronger than love?"

Her voice was low and soft, yet with the suspicion of contempt in it.

He set his teeth, and she felt his hold on her tighten.

"Love has not bidden me stay," he said. "How can I bid you stay, when I don't know whether I do love you?"

No contempt now; only a sorrowful pleading note.

He did not speak; Dolores felt his body quiver. She trembled, too; she loathed the part she played, she felt vile and unclean. She wondered why she did not shriek aloud and confess the truth to him, tell him what Vogel had overheard, what

proving quite healthy and unharmed by the strange experience.

I wish to commend the postcards sent by D. J. Line, 9, Temminus-road, Eastbourne, Sussex; Pleasant Leage, the Old Lodge, South Woodford; and Sarah Smith, 66, Heath-street, Burnley.

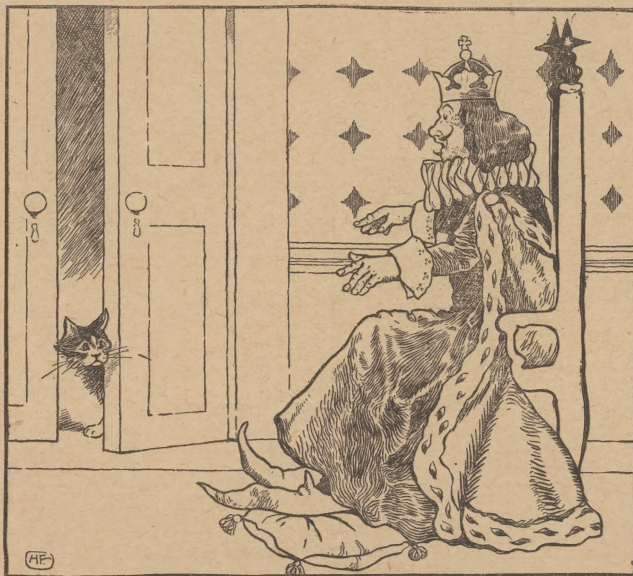
## LETTERS FROM CONTRIBUTORS.

Frank Fuller, 33, Parma-crescent, Lavender Hill, sent me a sad little story, written on paper. I

and only needs to be coloured with water-colours or chalks. It is called "A Cat May Look at a King"; but doesn't the King look astonished? Five shillings is offered for the best colouring of the picture, and the prize-winner shall have his picture back, if he or she likes, so that it may be given as a present to father or mother.

I offer 2s. 6d. for the best postcard story about a cat, or a king, or both.

All pictures and postcards must be addressed:



This picture illustrates the old saying, "A Cat May Look at a King." It will look beautiful when nicely coloured in accordance with this week's competition.

prefer postcards, but when, as in Frank's case, the card is not large enough, paper will be accepted. I have received a postcard from Cyril Riley, which shall have attention, and a letter from B. Wild, whose address is 1,168, London-road, Derby, so he was quite right in stating that the houses at Alvaston are numbered up in the thousands.

## THIS WEEK'S PICTURE.

This week's picture is not an animal one, and requires no filling in. It is a very pretty picture,

The Children's Corner, the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., and reach us by Thursday morning, May 4.

DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.

Brass should be cleaned with powdered bath-brick and a damp flannel, and should afterwards be polished with dry brickdust and a leather. This is quite a cheap polish for brass, and, in addition, is very effectual.

## WEDDING TO BE SOLEMNIZED TO-DAY.



Lieutenant Bernard Fairbairn, R.N., who, at Plymouth, to-day, will be married to—



—Miss Alice M. Phillips, step-daughter of the Venerable Arch-deacon of Totnes.

she had told him and the horrible plot he had arranged.

She longed to confess, though she knew Merrick's love would turn to contempt and loathing; but she loved him, every instant the fact was hammered into her heart, until it felt as if the burden that love bade her bear was too great, and her heart would break.

But she spoke again, spoke the lines the devil whispered into her ears even as love hammered at her heart.

"Of course, you must go to-morrow, it is your duty—and duty is always stronger than love to a man, I know. Indeed, I would not have you stay, for when you are gone, why you will soon forget." He moved impatiently, and tried to speak, but she put her hand over his mouth. "Yes, time, the great healer, will soon heal the little wound I have made in your heart. And I—why, of course, I shall grow to believe, to know, that it was best we parted before I had time to be persuaded that I loved. Love is not for me, I am sure of that."

As soon as she had spoken she knew what he would say.

The devil's cleverest remarks come from the lips of a woman; like the poison of bitter herbs filtered through sugar.

If she had asked him to stay he might have hesitated; but she had bidden him go—and he would stay.

"Love is for you," he cried, holding the hand that had covered his lips and kissing it passionately; "for you beyond all women! I shall not go to-morrow—no, don't speak! I shall not go to-morrow—"

She shook her head.

"Dear boy, a day more or less—" She smoothed his face with her fingers tenderly, regretfully.

"I shall not go to-morrow, nor the next day—I shall not go until you know that you love me, until you have promised to become my wife."

(To be continued.)

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# THE CZAR'S CHIEF SPY; OR, A WOMAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

By HERBERT J. ALLINGHAM,

Author of "The Achievements of Michael Power," "Tom Munro's Murder," "A Devil of a Woman," Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER I. Blackmail.

"Suppose I were to ring up Scotland Yard? I am on the telephone, you know."

"That is so; and, considering your lordship's position and the preposterous nature of my demands, I should doubtless find myself in a very awkward situation indeed."

The two speakers sat in the handsome library of Lord Darlington's mansion in Park Lane. It was ten o'clock one night in early March. Winter still held London in its grip, and a bright fire blazed in the big open grate. Save from the fire, the only light in the room was afforded by three candles in their quaint sconces on either side of the carved oak overmantel, and the light from these was subdued by delicate green shades.

Lord Darlington was a man a year or so over fifty. He looked what he was—a scholar, as well as a man of affairs. A broad, intellectual forehead, steady grey eyes, and finely chiselled features seemed to suggest intellect, character, and refinement.

His companion was a very different type. Vivian Frampton, K.C., M.P., the rising hope of a great political party, was a man under forty. His face denoted intellect and, but its dominant characteristic was strength and force of will.

"You admit that?" said Lord Darlington in response to Frampton's last remark.

"Unquestionably. You have it in your power to send me to gaol and to ruin my career."

"But you think I dare not do it. You think your precious revelations concerning my connection with this Russian business would create a storm which I dare not face."

Frampton laughed, and, carefully selecting one of his host's cigars from a box on a table at his elbow, lit it before replying.

"No, no," he said at length; "you mistake me altogether. I am not that kind of fool. It is my business to judge men. I know perfectly well how you would act if it came to a fight."

"Tell me," said the other, quietly, an amused expression in his thoughtful eyes.

"You would deny everything and defy everybody. There would be an uproar, and through it all you would remain calm, superior, contemptuous."

Lord Darlington rose to his feet, and, facing his companion, looked at him curiously.

"And yet you say I am to write you out a cheque for £4,000 to make you hold your tongue."

"As a lawyer I advise you to take that course. I want the money as a loan. You help me now, and I shall be useful to you in the future."

He paused, and flicked the ash from the end of his cigar.

Lord Darlington still smiled.

"Come, we are getting to it at last," he said. "Out with it, man. What is the final threat?"

"Do you ever happen to have heard, Lord Darlington, of the great Russian family of Vauvoviski?"

Lord Darlington stiffened, the smile died out of his face, but otherwise he made no sign.

"Some thirty years ago," went on Frampton, leaning back comfortably in his chair, crossing his legs, and idly watching the thin blue smoke as it curled upwards from the end of his cigar, "to be accurate, about twenty-eight years ago, that family consisted of the Baron and his beautiful young wife. They were childless."

Vivian Frampton paused again, and looked steadily into the eyes of his host.

For a few seconds the two men eyed one another like duellists waiting for the handkerchief to fall.

Lord Darlington was the first to speak, and although his voice was quite steady, he spoke with that excessive deliberation which marks the man who is weighing his words.

"I fail to see how this can interest me," he said.

"The story grows more interesting as it goes on," retorted Frampton, and then, alluding to the British Embassy in St. Petersburg at the time I speak of there was a young English lord. I need not mention his name. He was on visiting terms with the Vauvoviskis, and his attentions to the Baroness were so marked that, as is usual in such cases, everyone noticed them except the husband."

The Baron, good man, was blissfully unconscious of what was going on, and he was overwhelmed with joy when subsequently his wife presented him with a charming daughter."

"Tush, man!" interrupted Lord Darlington, with the first show of irritation, "what has this old scandal to do with me or with you?"

"Pardon me, that is only the beginning of the story. It is continued up to our own time, and it is not yet finished. The child of whom I speak is now twenty-six years and five months old, and at the present time she cuts a very considerable figure in English society."

"You are raving. She died ten—twelve years ago," Lord Darlington uttered the words defiantly and contemptuously.

Frampton rose to his feet, and, tossing the cigar into the fire, looked steadily into the other's face.

"Believe me, you are wrong," he remarked, quietly. "She left her home, it is true, about that time. Since then she has passed through many adventures, a complete record of which is in my

possession. I will not bore you with an account of them. The early ones, at any rate, we will skip. Three years ago she married an Englishman, and she goes by his name to-day. Poor fellow, he died somewhat mysteriously a fortnight after his marriage. No one suspected foul play, and I discovered the truth quite by accident. Everyone consoled with the beautiful young widow, who inherited the bulk of poor Dick Castlewood's small fortune."

"Castlewood?" Lord Darlington staggered as one shot, and seized the mantelpiece for support.

Vivian Frampton looked into the white, tense face of the older man very gravely, and allowed no expression of pity or of triumph to show itself on his own impassive countenance.

"Sir Richard Castlewood," he said, slowly. "You knew Dick, I believe, my lord, and you take a fatherly interest in his charming widow. Her intelligence is so great that it is said you have more than once entrusted her with State secrets. Now, Lord Darlington, I ask your advice. If I raise my hand the interesting career of Lady Castlewood comes to an abrupt termination, and she will be lucky indeed if she escapes alive on the charge of the murder of her husband. Now, what do you advise me to do?"

Lord Darlington's face was grey and drawn, but his figure was erect once more, and he had regained full possession of his faculties.

"Mr. Frampton," he said, gravely and quietly, "I do not believe a word of what you have said. I believe you are engaged upon a bold and daring game of bluff."

"My lord," answered Frampton, earnestly, "you are the last man in the world I should attempt to bluff. If there was one weak point, however small, in my case, I would not dare to face you to-night. Everything I have said, and many other things I have left unsaid, I can back up with irrefutable evidence. Will you look at those papers?"

He drew a bulky envelope from his pocket and threw it on the table.

"There you will find copies of various documents, including the sworn testimonies of servants and others. The originals have cost me a good deal of money, and a good deal of time. I have been amassing them since the day of Dick Castlewood's funeral. The name of the young English lord is not mentioned, you will find. I thought that safest."

Lord Darlington rose and walked across the room to a large American rolled-up desk—the only modern piece of furniture in the apartment—which stood in the shadow of an unlighted alcove.

He opened the desk and dropped the envelope almost carelessly inside. Then he stood for a moment fumbling among his papers.

When he returned to the table he held in his hand a cheque-book.

## CHAPTER II.

### Lady Castlewood Pays a Late Call.

Lord Darlington, left alone in his sombre library, sat looking into the fire. His handsome face was grave and set, and his brain was occupied by many things. But, curiously enough, his thoughts were not concerned with the visitor who had just left him.

The spacious days of his youth came back to him in a glorious flood, and he lived again the life of adventure, love, and gallantry which had filled those joyous years.

Then suddenly an electric bell rang indistinctly, and he started into wakefulness.

First he rose, and, walking to the door of the room, turned the key in the lock. Then he pushed back a panel-door and stepped into an inner room.

Here he went immediately to another door, and, opening it, exposed a private staircase. He switched on the electric light, and quickly descended.

He reached a door which opens out to Penrhyn-street, which runs along the north side of the Darlington mansion.

A woman, slight of figure and thickly veiled, entered at once, without waiting for an invitation.

"Lord Darlington," she said, in a strangely musical voice, "I have news—great news—news that cannot wait!"

Lord Darlington spoke with unaccustomed emotion, and his hand trembled a little as he refastened the door.

But the newcomer seemed to be delighted with the adventure. She ran laughing happily up the stairs and into the library beyond.

Lord Darlington did not look the twenty-six years and five months with which Frampton had credited her. Had you not glanced at her graceful figure and noticed the perfect lines of developed womanhood, you would have said she was several years younger, for her face was the face of a lovely, unspoiled child.

With the air of a courier he led his fair guest to a velvet chair, and then stood looking down into her upturned face and saw a likeness there which he wondered he had never noticed before.

"And so you have great news?" he remarked presently.

"Yes, really. What do you think this is?" She drew a letter from her bosom.

"It looks like a letter from Russia."

"It is a letter from Russia, but you would never guess who wrote it. I, the patron saint of thousands of the Tsar's enemies, the protector of assassins, the defender of Nihilists, the generous helper of all who plot against the throne of Nicholas—I, Olga the fugitive, have received a letter from the Grand Duke Carlavitch himself, written by his own august hand."

Lord Darlington took the letter, and read it through carefully. When he had finished he looked at his companion gravely.

"You were right, Lady Castlewood, to bring me this," he said at length. "It is, as you say, important."

"Is it the part about Tibet?" she inquired, with childish curiosity.

He smiled as he replied.

"Only indirectly. All that, of course, is a blind. You understand, of course, that the offer of an Imperial pardon is not sincere?"

"Understanding that they want to lure me back to Russia? But no! The daughter of Stephen—"

She paused.

"Never mind the name," she added, rising to her feet, and her large eyes glowing with an enthusiasm that might almost have been fanaticism.

"The daughter of the man who died for the people will not go back to Russia until the people awake and strike for their rights while the blood of the tyrant and all his hirelings is flowing in the gutters of St. Petersburg!"

"This may come sooner than even you suspect," said Lord Darlington, quietly. "But, Lady Castlewood, will you excuse me for five or six minutes. I wish to speak with someone on the telephone. The matter is somewhat urgent, or I would not—"

"My dear friend, surely you know by this time I only want to help you. I will wait here as quiet as a mouse till you come back. I would go, but I want your advice about that letter. I must answer it, you know."

The instincts of the diplomatist were beginning to assert themselves in the old schemer's restless brain.

Lady Castlewood leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes as Lord Darlington finished speaking, but no sooner had he left the room, no sooner had the soft click of the door indicated that she was alone, than she sat up and looked round the room eagerly with her big blue eyes.

They lit at last on the open desk in the dark alcove.

Silently and swiftly Lady Castlewood glided across the room, and in a moment her nimble fingers were sorting the papers in the desk, running through them and returning them to their places with incredible rapidity.

Presently she picked up a long envelope, opened at one end, and looked at it dubiously.

"No, it would scarcely be there," she decided, and continued her feverish search.

Still without result, and the precious moments were flying.

Again she took up the envelope, and this time she took a step towards the light and drew out the paper.

A swift examination satisfied her that it did not include the one she was in search of, and she was about to replace them in the envelope when her eye caught a name—a Russian name—on the uppermost sheet.

She drew a deep breath, and a look of wonder came into her eyes. Quickly she walked across to the fireplace, and by the light of the candle began to read.

Headless of the risk of interruption, she read steadily on and did not look up until she came to the end.

Then a low cry escaped her, and she thrust the papers in a crumpled mass beneath her cloak.

So she stood motionless, gazing unseeingly at the closed door whence Lord Darlington must so soon return.

Her lovely face was strangely troubled, but whether the expression was of pain, anger, or fear it would be hard to say.

What she had read was no new story to her. The facts and falsehoods alike of that terrible document were familiar enough to her. But how came he to know? How came he to be in possession of that damning record? He, of all men!

She pressed her hand to her bosom, and the papers beneath her cloak rustled ominously.

The man who had taken the trouble to piece together that terrible story was indeed an enemy to be reckoned with and to fear. What merciless cunning! What devilish patience! What tigherish cruelty!

For a moment the woman seemed crushed by the blow. That Lord Darlington, whom she had known so long, whom she had studied so carefully, who had seemed to trust her so implicitly, should all the while have been weaving this net to entrap her bewildered her, and for a moment robbed her of her senses, until she had learned in so hard and terrible a school.

She stood with stooping figure and fixed, staring eyes, an object for pity and compassion. Then, with startling suddenness, her mood changed. Her figure became erect, her wondrous eyes glowed with resolution and courage, and her beautiful lips

parted in a smile, half of triumph, half of contempt.

"No!" she cried, under her breath, "I will not let the dead past rise up against me. Is it for this I have fought and worked and suffered? When the game is nearly won, when she prize is almost in my hands, shall I lose all for the want of a little courage?"

Again her lips curved into a smile, and again she pressed her hand to her bosom.

Then the door opened, and when Lord Darlington entered he found Lady Castlewood seated where he had left her.

He glanced at her quickly, but her sweet face indicated nothing save a certain childish petulance.

"Lady Castlewood," he said slowly, "do you think you could ever lose your faith in me? Do you think if I made a confession which involved a certain amount of disgrace to us both you would still entertain for me a feeling of kindness and friendship?"

"You are not yourself to-night, dear friend," she said, and her voice was like music in his ears.

"Forget all this foolish talk and tell me about yourself."

"But it grows late, little one, and you have heard all my stories long ago."

"You are a great man, Lord Darlington. At the very top of the tree—almost. What is your secret? What has been your rule of life?"

"Well," smiled Lord Darlington, an amused reminiscent smile playing about his lips, "to put it crudely, my rule in life has been this: To trust no one, to spare no one, and to play for my own hand."

Lady Castlewood drew a deep breath, and a strange look came into her eyes.

"Would you spare no one? Not even a woman?"

"No, not even a woman," said Lord Darlington, with decision. "You see, Lady Castlewood, in the achievement of great ends small considerations of morality, chivalry, and politeness have to be ignored. I confess that more than once a woman has stood in my way, and I have not hesitated."

Again the woman leaned over the man's shoulder and her left hand rested on his arm.

He turned his head and looked smilingly at that small, shapely hand, with the bright gems glittering on the long tapering fingers, but even as he did so Lady Castlewood thrust her right hand into her bosom, and when she drew it forth again it held something bright and shining.

"But suppose I was I who stood in your path?"

The old statesman was silent for a moment, and when he spoke his voice was very grave.

"For the sake of Olga Castlewood I might forget for once even the rule which has guided me throughout my life," he said slowly.

"You might forget!" she replied, in the same even tones she had adopted throughout. "Ah! but you might not!" Tell me, Lord Darlington, how much did it cost you to collect all this information?"

As she uttered the last word she dropped the fatal envelope on to his knees and stepped back.

"My God!" gasped the man, springing to his feet and facing her with blanched cheeks. "You have not read these papers?"

"Every word."

He looked at her blankly, without replying. He saw in her face a look which he had never beheld there before, and the malignity of it caught him by the throat and seemed to strangle him.

Lord Darlington staggered back against the wall by the side of the great fireplace. In doing so he flung out his right hand against the wall. The movement was involuntary, but it chanced to bring his fingers within reach of an electric bell.

It was a mere accident, but to the woman it seemed part of a fell design. The colour faded swiftly from her face, and her eyes grew hard. Then slowly she raised her right arm; or, rather, it seemed to rise of itself automatically without her volition. The tiny, glittering weapon in the clenched white hand looked like a silver toy, a thing of prettiness, daintiness, harmless.

Then, with a cry of horror rather than fear, he roused himself and sprang forward.

"My child! My child! My child!"

It seemed his lips could form no other words. He was so near to her as to be almost able to touch her when the finger closed upon the trigger.

A few minutes later a door in Penrhyn-street opened, and a woman glided into the night. She hurried along Penrhyn-street, her breath coming in short, quick gasps, and her face ashen white beneath her veil.

Only a hundred yards or so. And then she would meet her carriage and be safe. Nevertheless, fear tugged at her heart and strange, awful cries sounded in her ears. And yet she was a woman unaccustomed to fear, and not given to imaginary terrors.

And in the library of Darlington House, where the candles guttered in their sconces and the grey ashes grew cold in the grate, Lord Darlington lay, a huddled heap on the floor, with a bullet in his brain.

To be continued in YES OR NO, published Monday next. One penny.



